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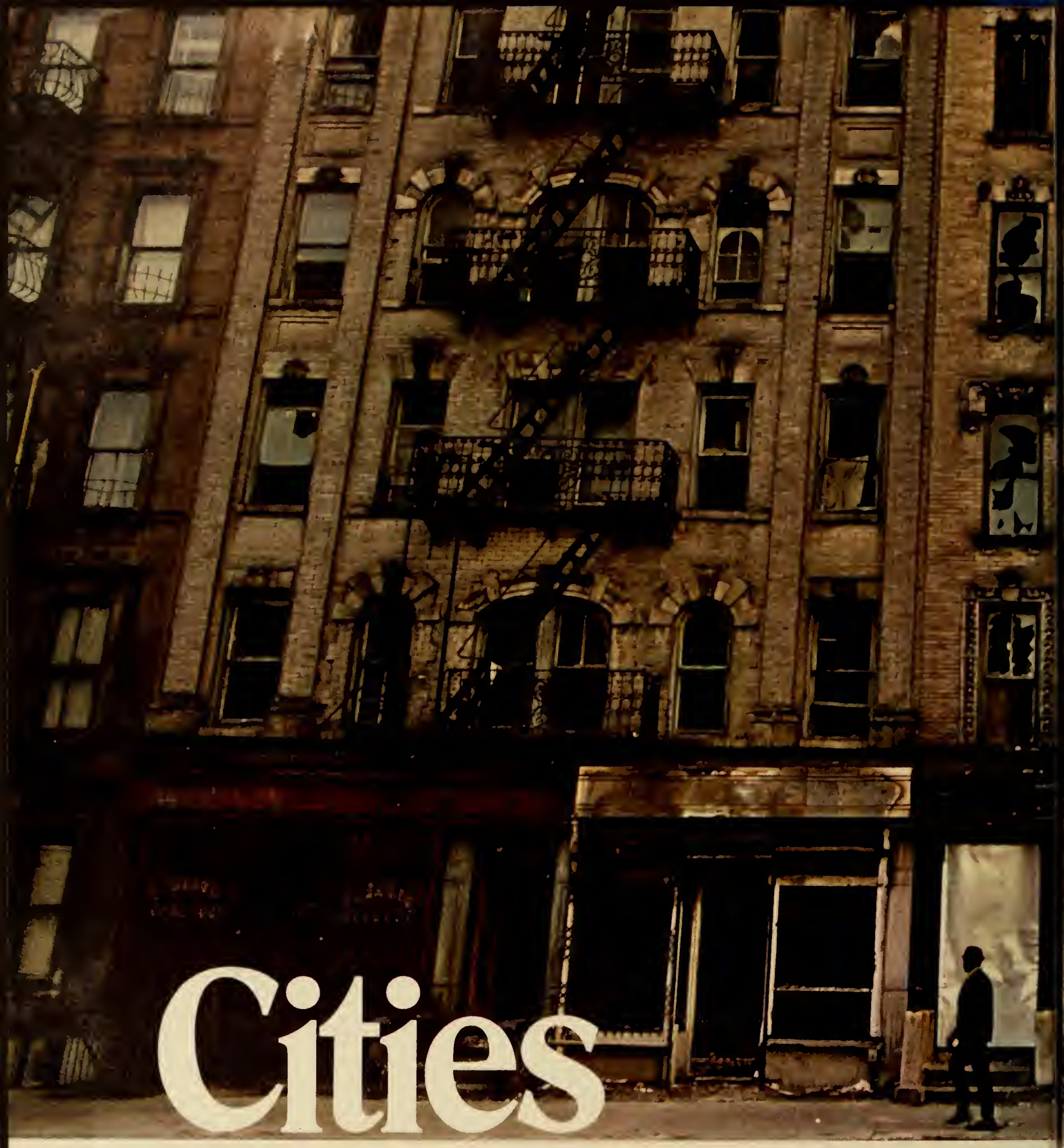
SEPTEMBER 1968

Color pictorial:
YOUTH IN ACTION

Young Alabamians report:
17 DAYS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

A layman asks:
WHERE HAVE WE GONE ASTRAY?



Cities

An Action Report by The Chase Manhattan Bank on

Throughout the private sector of today's economy there's a rapidly intensifying conviction that corporate commitment is indispensable to the fight against urban blight.

Chase Manhattan shares that conviction.

For example, Chase, along with six other commercial banks, is providing a fund of seven million dollars for low interest financing to rehabilitate 50 aging buildings on Manhattan's upper West Side. Chase has also financed an experimental "instant rehabilitation" program on New York's lower East Side; entered into pioneering development programs in East Harlem; and joined a $100 million mortgage lending pool for

urban decay-what private enterprise is doing to combat it

the rehabilitation of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section.

And so much more is being done.

ITEM: The life insurance industry has already this year earmarked $453,071,000 for investment in mortgages on slum properties at an interest rate substantially less than it can get on the open market.

ITEM: Using its own funds, one of the nation's leading manufacturers has begun a program of rehabilitating run-down apartment dwellings in Cleveland's Hough area.

ITEM: A civic improvement corporation headed by a board representing St. Louis real estate, banking, construction and other businesses has been buying run-down buildings for an average of $1,500 per dwelling unit and rehabilitating them for another $7,000. Units are financed at lower than normal rates for new tenants.

But these items exemplify only a small portion of private industry's commitment to the concept of revitalizing America's cities.

FINAL ITEM: If you would like to learn more about the role of private enterprise in this area, write to "ACTION REPORT," The Chase Manhattan Bank, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10015, for your copy of Chase ACTION REPORT, a new Chase digest of corporate approaches to public problems.

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Announcing TOGETHER's 13th Annual Photo Invitational

The Theme:

Turn! Turn! Turn!
To Everything There Is a Season

By Pete Seeger

Chorus:
To everything, turn, turn, turn,
There is a season, turn, turn, turn,
And a time to every purpose under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die;
A time to plant, a time to reap;
A time to kill, a time to heal;
A time to laugh, a time to weep.
(Chorus)

A time to build up, a time to break down;
A time to dance, a time to mourn;
A time to cast away stones,
A time to gather stones together.
(Chorus)

A time of love, a time of hate;
A time of war, a time of peace;
A time you may embrace,
A time to refrain from embracing.
(Chorus)

A time to gain, a time to lose;
A time to rend, a time to sew;
A time of love, a time of hate;
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late.
(Chorus)

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THIS MONTH'S color pictorial [pages 31-38] demonstrates once again that TOGETHER reader-photographers can produce pictures rivaling—even surpassing—those by professionals. And now, another challenge: this time to illustrate next year's 13th Annual Photo Invitational. Its theme is the popular folk song, *Turn, Turn, Turn,* the words of which Pete Seeger adapted from Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 and then set to music. In all its verses you'll find rich imagery which inspires creative pictorial interpretation. The deadline is weeks away, but now is none too soon to prepare and submit your entry. And don't forget: if one of your pictures is selected to illustrate this newest photo invitational, it will be published in TOGETHER early next fall. So get out that camera now and start shooting!

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain what portion of the song inspired it, where it was taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps to anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1969.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become *Together*'s property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but *Together* cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send entries to:

Photo Editor, TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—**John Wesley (1703-1791)**

Together®

September 1968

After-Hour Jottings . . . One of the profound mysteries of existence is the role that chance—or is it destiny?—seems to play in all our lives. We were thinking just now that if we had missed a certain phone call back in 1939 (we could easily have missed it), we wouldn't be sitting here writing these random notes.

If we had missed that call, we would not have met the woman we married, we would not have known our children, nor would there have been a second phone call that finally brought us here in 1956. There have been scores of decisive turning points in all our lives, any one of which may greatly have affected our present lives.

At any rate, all this brings us to the point we want to make about the photographer who took the picture on **this month's cover**. If two engines hadn't conked out on a U.S. Air Force plane back in 1955, the cover in all probability

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"Pick Me,"

cried the boy from Sarawak!

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(Continued from page 3)

would not be a picture of the *Eternal Challenge* statue at United Methodist-related Oklahoma City University. This statue of two young people, symbolizing youth's quest for knowledge and understanding, is the work of Leonard McMurray. It was presented to the university in 1959 by Erick and Florence Lippert.

The photographer is Sgt. **Richard James Reed** of Oklahoma City, a U.S. Army recruiting officer, who also works as a free-lance cameraman and feature writer for the *Sunday Oklahoman*.

A turning point came for Sgt. Reed while he was returning from service in Korea in 1955, flying from Hawaii to California.

"About an hour and a half out we lost first one engine then the other on the left wing of our four-engine transport," he says. "A fellow thinks long and deep at a time like this, and I decided that if I survived, I would like to accomplish something . . . and be a better Christian as well.

"We made it back to Hawaii, and since then I have continued with the 'mission' that I promised. I have written articles and had published many photographs of art in churches and of church leaders in their work. This, plus my individual conduct as a Christian have, perhaps, helped me live up to my promise made high over the Pacific . . ."

We do think the cover picture does more than speak for itself; it helps set the theme for a number of features devoted to young people and their activities. (One writer recently stated that it seems to him "The central fact of 1968 . . . is youth.") Features in this issue range from eight pages of color photographs devoted to *Youth in Action* to the story of other young people who spent *Seventeen Days Behind the Iron Curtain* [page 39], and even include a preview of the church's new youth curriculum [see page 47.]

The author of *Where Have We Gone Astray?* [page 16] is a physician, a general practictioner at that, who always had a secret desire to become a writer. As a young man, **Charles H. Hart** wrote poetry which he finally destroyed out of sheer embarrassment, but later reproduced as a gift to his mother. However, Dr. Hart says he has kept a diary "off and on" since he was 18, most entries being "a kind of written prayer."

—*Your Editors*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Credits for pictures on pages 31 through 38 will be found under *Photo Invitational Data* on page 66.

Cover—Richard J. Reed • Page 2—D. L. Richardson • 9—WMC-TV, Memphis • 12—Walter M. Faust • 17—William Kent Morrison • 39-40-41-43—Jesse Culp • 47—Jini Dellaccio • 56—Ken Heyman from *The Color of Man*, courtesy of Random House, Inc. • 67—John Taylor • 68-69—Lynwood M. Chace • 22-23-24-25-46-48-49-50-51-52—George P. Miller.

The Church in Action

In Southern Africa: Social Forces Shape the Missionary's Future

The missionary's role is changing radically in countries of southern Africa where United Methodism works (tinted areas). But his skills are still needed and wanted by national leaders.

THE FUTURE of the foreign missionary is in question in southern Africa. He may be on the way out.

In the nations south of the equator, an area half the size of the United States, the question is being raised most sharply. But what is happening to the missionary there may foretell what will happen to him elsewhere in the future.

In this part of Africa, The United Methodist Church has mission work in five countries—Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, and the Republic of South Africa, all dominated by white minorities, and the Democratic Republic of the Congo, currently ruled by a black military government [see map].

In all five nations, conditions have changed radically in the past few years. As a result, mission leaders are wrestling with such questions as: Are African nationals capable of taking over the church leadership? If so, what is the new role of the missionary? Can and should he be a bridge between black and white Africans in their political struggles?

The overriding question, however, is: Has the missionary had it in southern Africa?

Mission Churches Grow Up

What once were mission fields now are becoming independent churches, and relationships for the missionary have become less and less clear. Once the missionary was looked upon as a "white father" to the nationals, who were pretty much treated as his children. Now, amid surging nationalism and black consciousness, his white skin is a handicap.

Some leaders who believe the missionary is on the way out think this could be a good thing. "Maybe our best role now is to try to work ourselves out of our jobs," one furloughed missionary agreed recently.

The forward-looking missionary today is as much concerned about human dignity, justice, and changing oppressive social conditions as former missionaries were about traditional evangelism. Some who have spoken out against repressive government policies in Rhodesia, South Africa, and Angola have been asked to leave. One was Bishop Ralph E. Dodge, expelled from Rhodesia—the episcopal area he supervises—four years ago.

The mission of the church in southern Africa is affected by a complex set of forces which have to be reckoned with both on the field and by the mission board back home. Among them are apartheid, white minority rule in government, the assumption of church leadership by nationals, and refugee and liberation movements.

Apartheid: A Crucial Issue

Apartheid—the practice and extension of racial separateness—is official policy in the Republic of South Africa on the southern tip of the continent.

Dr. Ernest A. Gross, New York attorney and former U.S. delegate to the United Nations, told members of the Board of Missions at this year's annual meeting that "the rooted policy of apartheid is without question the crucial issue around which the other problems of southern Africa pivot."

In protest against support of South Africa's apartheid policy through U.S. investments, the board authorized withdrawal of a $10-million investment portfolio from the First National City Bank of New York. This bank is one of 10 in a $40-million credit consortium with the Republic of South Africa. In the past two years, various church organizations have withdrawn $24 million from these banks.

White Minorities Rule

Another force in this part of Africa is white rule. The black majority—some 30 million persons—is dominated by a white minority which owns industry and most of the land, controls governments, and denies political representation to almost all black Africans. White supremacy is tenaciously guarded by the minority governments in South Africa and the South-West Africa territory (which South Africa controls under a disputed mandate), in

Portuguese-held Angola and Mozambique, and in Rhodesia.

United Methodist work in South Africa, among black contract workers in Johannesburg mines, is an extension of the church's mission in Mozambique. African ministers and laymen have to hold jobs in the mines in order to be there. Some of them take lesser jobs in order to do the work of the church.

Both missionaries and ministers are engaged in leadership training to provide a solid core of laymen for the local church in villages of Mozambique. Bishop Escrivao Zunguze, an African, administers United Methodist work in the Southeast Africa Conference. National leaders increasingly are being placed in charge of churches, schools, and other institutions.

Rebellion and reprisals in Angola brought Portuguese-ruled Africa into the spotlight of world affairs in 1961, when four Methodist missionaries were arrested and later sent home to the United States. A state of siege and repression has become chronic in Angola, according to U.N. observers.

Recent reports indicate a stepped-up campaign to eliminate Protestant missionary activity in Angola. Missionaries must receive police permission to go more than 15 miles on either side of the main east-west road through the capital city of Luanda. They must register with police in towns they visit, and travel permits often are denied. Meetings are banned except for worship. When a missionary leaves on furlough, he is not permitted to return. The number of United Methodist missionaries, as high as 45 in 1961, has dropped to only one American couple and Bishop Harry P. Andreassen of Norway.

A policy of racial assimilation is proclaimed by the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique, but in practice only a few black Africans make it into the racially mixed society by way of minor jobs in the city or lowest government positions in rural areas. Education for most blacks is not encouraged.

Despite what has happened there, or perhaps because of it, Angola has the fastest growing United Methodist churches in all Africa. They are thriving despite the lack of missionaries, lack of outside funds, and persecution. Africans who took over church administration as a necessity have turned the transition into an asset.

Rhodesia struggles under the domination of Ian Smith's white-minority government, which declared its independence from Great Britain in 1965. For political reasons, Mr. Smith has given the appearance of keeping open the issue of whether Rhodesia is to go the way of apartheid or the way of a racially mixed society. In practice, the races are very much separated in social and political affairs, and all government opposition is suppressed.

Bishop Dodge, expelled from Rhodesia in 1964, has continued to serve as the episcopal leader from neighboring Zambia. Actual administration has been carried on by his assistant, the Rev. Jonah Kawadza.

African Churchmen Taking Over

National leaders continue to assume more responsibility for operation of the church. Ten years ago at the mission station in Rhodesia, some 25 missionaries administered a large church, hospital, biblical institute, and secondary and primary schools. Today, the same programs continue with only six or seven missionaries remaining. Nationals have taken over the rest, here and elsewhere.

Guidelines for further supervision of the church by local leaders were set at a Partnership in Mission Consultation held at Old Umtali last February with representatives from the World Division of the Board of Missions, African ministers and laymen, and a few missionaries.

The consultation concluded that the church in the field is an equal partner with the church at home and should be the liaison body to deal with the mission board. In the past this has been the function of the missionary.

The national church will move toward self-support, with national treasurers elected by the church and responsible to it. Supporting funds from the Board of Missions will be given to the conference as block grants, to be used for projects determined by the conference.

New Uses for Mission Money

Board funds will be directed toward raising the economic level of communities by means of loans to businesses, technical management services to small businessmen and farmers, and aiding artisans. All this is expected to help develop an economic middle class and to undergird a self-supporting national church. It was recently announced that as much as $2,250,000 will be made available by the World Division of the board for possible investment in this way in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

The principle of autonomy has been accepted for the church in Rhodesia as it has been for the other national churches in the Africa Central Conference. United Methodists in Rhodesia are participating in unity discussions with Anglican, Presbyterian, and United Congregational Churches.

Ministry to Refugees

In addition to their traditional mission work, missionaries in southern Africa have been engaged in a ministry to refugees since the mass exodus from Angola in 1961 during open conflict between the black majority and the Portuguese colonial government. About 500,000 refugees now are in the lower Congo, near the Angolan border. In the Congo, too, are thousands of dislocated persons who fled their homes and villages because of internal strife.

Ecumenical co-operation is becoming absolutely necessary in southern Africa, and more such co-operation is expected in the future. For refugee projects throughout Africa, the Ecumenical Program for Emergency Action set out to raise $10 million by the end of 1969, supplementing expenditures of denominational mission boards. The aid is being administered through the All-Africa Conference of Churches. United Methodists are giving $500,000 through the Board of Missions and the United Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief.

At one time, Methodists supported around 200 missionaries in what now is the Democratic Republic of the Congo, which was granted its independence from Belgium in 1960. Since then this central African country has been torn by internal strife. Bishop John Wesley Shungu, consecrated in 1964, was one of Methodism's first African-born bishops.

Things have been relatively quiet since the bloodless military takeover by President Joseph Mobutu, late in 1965. Last year missionaries were stationed temporarily in the Luluabourg area. Some left Kinshasa (formerly Léopoldville), the capital, during the height of a crisis in August, 1967, but since then they have been returning.

Another force in southern Africa is guerrilla warfare, particularly in Angola and Mozambique. Government forces have confined most of the fighting to outer provinces, and many missionaries hear little about it.

FRELIMO, the Mozambique Liberation Front which hopes to free that country from Portuguese control someday, is led by Dr. Eduardo Mondlane. His American-born wife operates the Mozambique Institute, a training school for refugees, in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

The Board of Missions has pledged $600,000 in the next three years to special projects that will aid refugees and oppressed peoples in southern Africa. Prior to that and in a separate grant, the Mozambique Institute received $30,000 for a project which is training black Africans to function

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Next Steps in Mission

Amidst forces that are changing the role of the missionary, the church at home must now consider next steps in its relationships with the new churches of Africa. And a big problem for both the board and the missionary will be that of human relations. The "giving" church and the "receiving" church must become equal partners, mission officials believe, with the "receiving" church doing more of the planning and administering.

The role of the missionary has changed already, and most observers agree that it will continue to change even more radically. Tomorrow's missionary will be more of a catalyst, one who introduces an idea or a technique and measures his success by how the people of the community accept and implement it.

African nationals want this kind of help. Says Dr. Juel Nordby, World Division secretary for southern Africa:

"Although the mission churches want to become self-supporting and autonomous, they still look to the missionaries for technical guidance, for fellowship, and for contact with the outside world. And they will continue to look to the mission board for financial help. The number of missionaries will not be drastically reduced, but their ministry will continue to change radically." —NEWMAN CRYER

Marshals Arrest Draft Evader Despite Church 'Sanctuary'

Donald C. Baty, 22, was arrested in Washington Square United Methodist Church in New York's Greenwich Village after the congregation offered him "sanctuary" in support of his opposition to the Viet Nam War and the draft.

No attempt was made to obstruct the young man's arrest by federal marshals, but some 100 persons formed a ring around him in front of the altar. His mother also was present.

Before the marshals arrived, the Rev. Finley Schaef, pastor, shared bread and wine with Baty and his supporters. During a press conference, Mr. Schaef stated: "We feel Don Baty is innocent. He has committed no crime in refusing—on conscience—to kill."

Baty refused induction into military service and returned his 1-A classification card to his draft board. He said he considers the Viet Nam War a "senseless slaughter."

The Greenwich Village congregation, which earlier adopted a "peace church" status, voted to continue its support of Baty through the legal process and during a possible jail term, which could be as much as five years. But not all members supported the action. Mr. Elmer Million, a church trustee, came to the sanctuary in protest, and warned those present that they might be violating federal law.

Although sympathy for Viet Nam draft resisters has revived the ancient European concept of church "sanctuary," there is no legal precedent for it in U.S. jurisprudence.

In a separate case, the Rev. Robert Price refused induction at New York's Whitehall Street Center. An ordained United Methodist clergyman and former assistant chaplain at Columbia University, Mr. Price is a student at Union Theological Seminary. He turned in his draft card last October, was subsequently reclassified 1-A, but at last report had not been arrested for refusal to accept induction into the military.

Whites Abandon Churches In Southern Ghettos

Twenty-eight United Methodist churches in the emerging Negro ghettos of 13 Southern cities have been closed or relocated since 1960.

This fact was revealed in a recent report by Dr. Robert L. Wilson for the United Methodist Board of Missions. He examined the effect of racially changing communities on Methodist churches in 32 cities in the southeast.

Some of the churches have been sold or given to the new residents, the report states, but the large buildings are not generally adaptable to the black communities. Usually the property is sold to non-Methodist groups.

The trend toward closing or relocating such churches in the South probably will continue. Dr. Wilson's report predicted that an additional 112 United Methodist congregations in 29 cities are likely to abandon their churches.

"The pattern of residential segregation in the cities of the South is changing," Dr. Wilson stated.

"It is becoming more like that of the Northern urban areas. Until recently, the pattern in many Southern cities, particularly the older ones, was more of a 'marble cake' residential pattern with smaller communities of Negroes interspersed among white communities."

The ghettoizing process in the North, however, did not affect United Methodism as much because a high proportion of the former residents in changing neighborhoods were Roman Catholics.

The report also states that Southern white churches close or relocate more quickly than similar churches in the North because those in the North tend to be kept open by members who commute to the old neighborhood.

Prior to racial change, many white congregations embarked on extensive renovation or building programs, but the new church facilities failed to check the white exodus.

Negro Superintendents To Mainly White Districts

Negro district superintendents—including at least two in the South—were appointed to serve predominately white church districts at summer sessions of several United Methodist annual conferences.

The Rev. James C. Peters, former Central Jurisdiction pastor at Greensboro, N.C., was appointed by Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., to supervise the Western North Carolina Conference's Winston-Salem-Forsyth District.

A former Lexington, Ky., pastor, the Rev. Raymond White, was appointed to the newly formed Knoxville District of the Holston Conference by Bishop H. Ellis Finger, Jr.

The Rev. Melvin G. Talbert was assigned as superintendent of the Long Beach District in the Southern California-Arizona Conference.

In "firsts" for northern United Methodist conferences, the Rev. Sumpter M. Riley, Jr., Cleveland pastor, was named superintendent of the Ohio Conference's Lima District, and the Rev. Gilbert H. Caldwell, Jr., Boston pastor, became the first Negro district superintendent of the New England Conference, assigned to Boston District.

Among several interracial pastoral appointments around the country, the Rev. Robert W. Kelley was transferred from Mount Pleasant Church on Cleveland's east side to suburban Strongsville, which had no Negro residents. His successor is Dr. Earl H. Cunningham, white pastor of Cleveland's all-white Broadway Church.

Missionaries Urge Massive Assault on Poverty

Poverty was the focal point of overseas missionaries of The United Methodist Church as they met at DePauw University in Greencastle, Ind.

The climax of the conference came when a resolution recommending a civil-rights package paralleling the goals of the Poor People's Campaign was unanimously adopted.

The 300 new and furloughed missionaries called for social justice as the corrective for civil unrest and endorsed initiative by the deprived to effect change. Urging "the equitable

redistribution and development" of world resources, they pledged to "work with those movements seeking constructive change and human betterment for all."

More than 200 persons signed a petition supporting the Poor People's Campaign and sent four representatives to Washington, D.C., to take part in the June 19 Solidarity Day demonstration. Almost $2,000 was collected from the missionaries and sent to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Social justice was a theme in speeches of three prominent clergymen during the conference. The Rev. James M. Lawson, United Methodist minister from Memphis, Tenn., and a key figure in the recent sanitation workers' strike there, urged his audience to become the "advocates for the poor and oppressed" and to help develop a "mood" of social concern in America.

He attacked "white racism" which, he said, expresses itself in "morbid fears" of Negro violence and an obsessive "anticommunism."

Dr. Colin Morris, president of the United Church of Zambia, warned that "the world controlled by the un-young, the un-poor and the un-colored is coming to an end." He said the church essentially stands "for those for whom the future is more important than the past or the present. Difficult as it may be," he said, "we must be prepared to see the marks of God in the revolutions of our time."

An expert on the urban church told the missionaries that Protestants have an "anti-urban bias" that prevents them from understanding the anguish of the cities. Dr. George W. Webber, staff member of Metropolitan Urban Service Training in New York City, noted that less than 3 percent of the 8 million people who are willing to share the anguish and be part of the life of New York City are white Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

"We have built our foxholes in suburbia and escaped, but we have paid a heavy price for our misunderstanding."

The cities, he said, have become increasingly the place for the rich, the poor, and the queer.

British Methodism Refers Union to Grass Roots

British Methodist leaders have referred the question on Anglican union to circuit quarterly meetings and to district synods for "a judgment."

The move to take the decision to the grass roots clears the way for full-scale debate and voting on the Unity Commission proposals at the July, 1969, British Methodist Conference in Birmingham. If finally approved, the proposals will bring full intercommunion of British Methodists with Anglicans in 1970 and organic union some years later.

In other action, the British Conference approved a report which will establish reciprocal relationships between British and American branches of Methodism. In May the General Conference of the U.S. church okayed a concordat which gives each denomination four members in the highest legislative body of the other. A six-point program of relationship was outlined under which a continuing consultative commission of not more than 10 representatives from each church will be established for overall liaison.

Ministerial exchange is anticipated, plus closer co-operation in mission work and the sharing of Methodist news across the Atlantic. It was pointed out, however, that the proposal for closer work initiated from the American side in 1964 would in no way impede negotiations which either church might be conducting with other churches, at home or abroad.

In other reports, British Methodists noted a membership loss of 12,000, the largest in some years; advocated co-operation with other churches to prevent the "self-destruction" of the Methodist rural church; and pledged that each of Britain's 667,000 Methodists should give one day's income on Good Friday next year for world poverty projects.

Dr. E. Gordon Rupp, inducted as conference president, stressed urgent need for a "real revolution" in the Anglican and Methodist Churches similar to Vatican II's *aggiornamento.*

In Memphis, The 40% Speak *is a weekly series on WMC-TV devoted exclusively to Negro problems and goals in the area. The Rev. James M. Lawson, Jr., pastor of Centenary United Methodist Church, and Criminal Court Judge Ben L. Hooks produce and moderate the half-hour telecasts in co-operation with other Negro leaders. Appearing on the premiere program this summer were, from left: Gerald Fanion, Tennessee Council on Human Relations; Mr. Lawson; Dr. H. Ralph Jackson, African Methodist Episcopal Church; and Judge Hooks. General manager of the NBC affiliate, M. E. Greiner, Jr., promised programming freedom to talk about "our TV, the newspapers, charges of police brutality, housing, jobs, or whatever."*

Collegiate UCM Takes Poke At Sunday School

In a sock-it-to-'em spirit of rebellion, delegates to the University Christian Movement (UCM) annual assembly have blasted Sunday school, rejected all presidential candidates, and drummed up draft and war resistance.

The UCM is the national expression of an intercollegiate Christian movement recognized by 18 Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox campus ministries, including United Methodism. The United Methodist Student Movement is phasing out its national structure although local and state-level units may continue to exist.

United Methodist collegians formed the largest contingent at the UCM's summer assembly in Webster Groves, Mo., where delegates applauded a "shake-up" resolution asking: "Where, in their education, do white, middle-class Americans learn to perceive the world in dangerously prejudiced, self-righteous categories of good/evil, right/wrong, white/black?" The answer: Sunday school.

The "shake-up" resolution and others were referred to the UCM's general committee for consideration. A semiofficial black caucus asked

TV *this month*

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

VIOLENCE on television is (select your own answer):

- ☐ Bad. It should be entirely eliminated. What was really so bad about Pollyanna?
- ☐ Good, especially for kids. It helps them work out their feelings of hostility. Look at Little Red Riding Hood.
- ☐ Good escapist entertainment.
- ☐ Bad, especially for children. It ought to be severely curbed.
- ☐ Part of life. Honest programming requires its inclusion.

Following a series of assassinations in our land, many Americans are caught up in a dialogue about violence in our national life and about what should not be shown on television.

But what *should* TV programming be? The task of filling the 73½ hours of weekly prime time shared by the three networks is unbelievably demanding. In the scramble for ratings that attract advertising dollars to foot the bill, programs must win vast audiences. As long as violence does this, it will be programmed for us.

It is not enough simply to deplore this fact. We Christians are well acquainted with violence. Many pages of our Bible drip with blood. Our Lord did not meet his untimely end in a never-never land of unreality.

If we take the implications of our faith seriously, we will not recoil simply because blood is shed. Rather we will look at the total program within which the violence takes place. This requires sorting out that which titillates from that which points to truth.

Too much of life and of television is seen through a glass darkly. But on occasion pure light breaks through, and we glimpse a living soul with all its potential for greatness or baseness.

To ask, "Should there be violence on TV?" is to ask the wrong question and inevitably to get the wrong answer. The real question is: Shall television plumb for us the real, the honest dimension of the human pilgrimage with all its violence and with all its victories?

We shall shortly be viewing the start of a new season. Twenty-three new shows will premier in the following approximate categories: science fiction, 1; comedy, 7; situation comedy, 2; Western, 3; drama, 4; detective, 4; musical comedy, 1; and entertainment, 1. And there will be violence in some. If we are maturing as TV viewers, we will look beyond this and ask what is truly being said about human life.

It is a high skill to be able "to spot a phony a mile off." When you do that across your living room this season, I hope you will write the network or the sponsor and complain. But when you spot an honest program, send an honest compliment. That, fellow viewers, is how each of us can act to upgrade what is offered us on TV.

Meanwhile, the following may be worth your time:

August 20, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Profile in Black*, last of series.

August 23, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*The American Alcoholic* (rerun).

August 24, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC and **August 25,** 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS—Democratic Convention specials.

August 26, Democratic Convention opens covered by all three networks.

September 8, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Around the World of Mike Todd;* narrators: Elizabeth Taylor and Orson Welles; guests: Art Buchwald, Toots Shor, Ethel Merman, Lowell Thomas.

September 12, 9:30-11:00 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*From Chekhov With Love* with John Gielgud.

September 13, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—First of four *Urban Crisis* Specials.

September 15, 8-9 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Lombardi* (Green Bay Packers' coach).

September 15, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Barbra Streisand: A Happening in Central Park.* ☐

support for the Poor People's Campaign, restoration of congressional rights and privileges to Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., immediate release of "black political prisoners" including H. Rap Brown, and passage of a rat-control bill.

The assembly mood was definitely political. Responding to an informal questionnaire on presidential candidates, 170 said they preferred Senator Eugene McCarthy over all others. Dick Gregory was second with 20 votes; Vice-President Hubert Humphrey got 8 and Richard Nixon 4. But when the proposal of a workshop section on the 1968 election came to the floor, delegates declined to endorse any candidate.

A report on the draft—entitled "The Magical Mystery Tour Is Coming to Take You Away"—listed four objections to military conscription and encouraged local UCM groups to work for draft resistance programs on campus and in their communities.

Still another proposal, also adopted in principle by a straw vote, called for at least 1,000 colleges and universities to suspend business-as-usual curricula for one full year, and for entire student bodies and faculties to devote the year to metropolitan-wide "reeducation." The study would be aimed as "justice, against guns and police as the answer, against paternalism as the attitude, for a society in which all Americans learn to respect one another's dignity."

The report expressed belief that lengthy face-to-face talks between white, middle-class Americans and ghetto blacks, organized by capable co-ordinators, can really change the lives of people.

The new UCM president, Nell Sale of Charleston, W.Va., once worked at DePauw University's Methodist Student Foundation. UCM general secretary, the Rev. Paul Schrading of New York City, is a United Methodist.

New Board Magazines Set First Issues

Two new United Methodist publications, both with lowercase titles, will soon produce their first issues. The new social issues periodical will be called *engage*, and the publication for United Methodist women is *response*.

Bishop H. Ellis Finger, Jr., of Nashville, will be chairman of an interagency editorial policy committee for *engage;* its first issue will be September 1.

The title *engage* was selected from the statement authorizing its publication, which states that the Board of Christian Social Concerns "shall

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publish a periodical which shall engage United Methodists and others in serious conversation on social issues and problems, including those within the life of the church."

The editor will be the Rev. Allan R. Brockway, the board's editor of publications who edited *Concern* before it was ordered to cease publication.

The first issue of *response* will appear in January, 1969. Miss Carol Marie Herb, editor of *The Methodist Woman*, will head the new magazine. Miss Mary McLanachan, editor of *The World Evangel*, former Evangelical United Brethren women's magazine, will serve as associate editor.

Quadrennial Program Leaders Organize, Map Strategy

The Quadrennial Program Committee of The United Methodist Church recently completed its organization and voted to establish its headquarters in Dayton, Ohio.

Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston presided at the meeting, which included encouraging progress reports from several annual conferences where pledges have been taken for the $20-million Fund for Reconciliation to help alleviate the nation's racial and poverty crisis.

The Quadrennial Committee was divided into six working subcommittees:

Bible Study—Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., Charlotte, N.C.

Fund for Reconciliation—Bishop W. Ralph Ward, Syracuse, N.Y.

Local-Church Work—Dr. Walter R. Hazzard, Wynnwood, Pa.

Co-ordination—Mrs. Charles Mead, Omaha, Nebr.

Youth and Voluntary Service—Floyd Villines III, North Little Rock, Ark.

Annual Conference and Area Work—Dr. John T. King, Austin, Texas.

The Quadrennial Emphasis involves not only raising $20 million over the four-year period for the Fund for Reconciliation but also a church-wide Bible-study program, concentrating on the Sermon on the Mount, and a United Methodist Voluntary Service for which persons 18 to 30 years of age may offer themselves on a subsistence basis for specific works of reconciliation or reconstruction.

Organize New York Branch Of Project Equality

Fourteen religious bodies based in the New York City area have forged an interfaith alliance by establishing Metropolitan New York Project Equality.

Project Equality is a nationwide, interreligious effort pledged to increase fair employment practices through the hiring and purchasing policies of religious institutions and use of their economic power.

Bishop Fred Pierce Corson is fitted with a Comanche headdress in recognition of his service to the Oklahoma Indian Mission. Placing the feathers at a Philadelphia retirement dinner, as Mrs. Corson looks on, is Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, another of the 17 United Methodist Church bishops to retire this year.

The 14 participating Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish organizations include the Women's Division of the Board of Missions and the New York Annual Conference of The United Methodist Church.

The United Methodist Church gave sweeping endorsement to Project Equality at its Uniting Conference in April when it recommended that all annual conferences, local churches, and local or national institutions, agencies, and organizations co-operate by participation and financial support.

A joint statement issued by the 14 participants in New York stated: "In Project Equality we are going beyond resolutions to solutions, from proclamation to practice, from talk to action . . . We pledge ourselves to the removal of discrimination by rewarding with our patronage those companies and firms that operate on the basis of fair play and equality."

Through 15 Project Equality offices throughout the country, nearly 175 religious organizations now participate in the national program.

Court Ruling on Alcoholism Viewed as Setback

Religious leaders working in the field of alcohol problems have expressed severe disappointment at the U.S. Supreme Court's decision to uphold the arrest of chronic alcoholics for public drunkenness.

The Rev. David A. Works of the North Conway Institute said the five-to-four decision "must be greatly lamented by all law enforcement agencies, health facilities, and church leaders who have long wished for a great new day of justice and treatment for the chronic alcoholic offender . . ."

The institute, an interreligious association for education on alcohol problems, was one of several religious

United Methodists in the News

The Rev. **Zan Wesley Holmes, Jr.**, of Dallas won a special election for a seat in the Texas House of Representatives. He is pastor of Hamilton Park United Methodist Church.

The Rev. **Randolph Nugent**, a member of the staff of New York's Metropolitan Urban Service Training (MUST-I) program since its beginning in 1965, has been appointed its director. Dr. George W. Webber will remain on the MUST-I staff to train seminarians and clergy.

Dr. **John J. Wittich**, executive director of College Student Personnel Institute, Claremont, Calif., has been named 11th president of United Methodist-related MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill.

Congregation Beth Israel in Houston, the oldest Jewish congregation in Texas, dedicated an evening service in May to United Methodist Bishop **Paul E. Martin**. It adopted a "resolution of love and appreciation" to the bishop and praised his contributions to the community. Bishop Martin retired in July.

Dr. **Eugene A. Ransom**, formerly Wesley Foundation director at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, will become director of the Department of Campus Ministry of the United Methodist Church's Board of Education. Retiring from the post is Dr. **H. D. Bollinger**, one of the fathers of the Protestant campus-ministry movement in America.

The Hymn Society of America has named **William Watkins Reid**, a columnist and retired public-relations executive of the Board of Missions, as its new executive secretary.

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and secular groups, including the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, which had filed "friend in court" briefs for the defendant in *Powell* vs. *Texas.*

The case of Leroy Powell, 66, Austin, Texas, won the attention of the United Methodist agency and other groups after Powell was jailed more than 100 times for public intoxication. The Rev. Thomas E. Price of the board's Department of Alcohol Problems and Drug Abuse argued that chronic alcoholism is a disease and that it is unconstitutional to punish someone who succumbs to the phenomena of his disease.

Delivering the high court's majority opinion, Justice Thurgood Marshall said there was insufficient medical and scientific proof that alcoholism is a disease to justify impunity from public drunkenness.

Retired Bishop Clair Dies in St. Louis

Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., the son of a Methodist bishop who served in Liberia, died in St. Louis on July 10 of a heart attack. He was 77 years old.

Bishop Clair

Born in Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Bishop Clair was elected to the episcopacy in 1952 and served former Central Jurisdiction's St. Louis Area until retirement in 1964. Prior to his election as a bishop, he was pastor of Chicago's St. Mark Church for 12 years.

Bishop Clair is survived by his widow and two daughters.

Help Build Community Center In Boston's Roxbury

Ghetto dwellers in Boston's Roxbury section, the scene of summer rioting, soon will be provided an ecumenical community center built in part with United Methodist funds.

Construction contributions totaling $525,000 have come from the agencies of four denominations. The New England United Methodist Conference borrowed $125,000 from the Board of Missions' National Division to help expand social services in the neighborhood. It is also anticipated that the center will receive $867,000 from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Roxbury residents will be directly involved in developing the Neighborhood Services Project.

RED Balloons

A PASTOR WE KNOW has developed a "thing" lately about red balloons. He has passed them out during worship services, has decorated the church with them, and even has had his congregation release them en masse into the sky.

There is, of course, something festive, disarming, and enviable about a balloon—especially a red one. That's one reason the pastor has taken red balloons into the sanctuary. To him, they symbolize the spirit of the man of faith. Just as a child holds a balloon at the very end of its string to allow it maximum freedom of movement, he suggests, we should seek a faith which can dance, respond to fresh winds, and rise above adversity. Faith cannot be clutched with white-knuckled intensity; that kills it. Better to let out the string so our faith, like a balloon, can interact with its environment, alive and buoyant, free to bounce off or float over obstructions.

Besides, a red balloon conveys joyousness, innocence, and celebration. Surely this is missing in much of our life today—particularly our church life. We are all so earnest and somber! We tend to become so overwhelmed by problems, needs, and disagreements, both outside and inside the church, that we forget to celebrate that which should be celebrated. There is reason to rejoice even over such simple things as the fact that we are here, alive, experiencing all that life is—both the sorrow and the joy of it. We should gather regularly as a community just to celebrate the elementary fact that we are *able* to gather and celebrate.

Happily, the red-balloon spirit is popping up here and there more often in the church. It is present in the use of swinging, contemporary music in experimental worship services, with entire congregations often joining in the celebration through song or motion. It shows in a growing emphasis on seasons of the Christian Year which emphasize expectation, promise, and joy, such as Pentecost and Advent. It is one aspect of a broadened interpretation of Communion not only as a time of somber reflection on Christ's sacrifice, but also as a feast celebrating the presence of his spirit and the gathering of the Christian community.

The same concept is implicit in recent attempts to formulate a "theology of hope." Hope should be the Christian's chief stock in trade. Lately, however, in a deepening melancholy nourished by assassinations, war, and domestic unrest, we often have had to struggle to retain it. The church, too, is in the midst of revolution, and some are leaving it in disappointment, anger, or frustration. Even those who remain often share no unifying sense of purpose and have no self-understanding of their common identity as a community. As a result, many congregations split into hostile camps on particular issues, many of them petty and inconsequential. In these circumstances, a shared hope, and mutual celebration of its presence, is perhaps the only possibility for reconciliation and unity.

Man cannot live without some kind of hope. But Christian hope is not just blind optimism or wishful thinking. Hope cannot last if it is based only on the tangible evidence of the past or the present. Hope concerns what lies ahead. Yet if we measure the prospects of the future by what we see behind and around us, we can only despair over man's frailty, failure, and futility. Real hope must come from elsewhere.

Harvey Cox puts it this way: "The Christian hopes where others despair or deceive themselves, not because he has access to additional data but because he perceives the empirical from . . . a different basic orientation."

That orientation is pinpointed by Jürgen Moltmann, whose book *The Theology of Hope* has stirred much recent discussion. "Christian hope is resurrection hope," he declares. "If . . . the crucified Christ has a future because of his resurrection, then that means on the other hand that all statements and judgments about him must at once imply something about the future which is to be expected from him."

Sam Keen explains hope another way in *New Theology No. 5*, a recent paperback in which several writers discuss the topic.

"The question of God is not the question of the existence of some remote infinite being," he says. "It is the question of the possibility of hope. The affirmation of faith in God is the acknowledgment that there is a deathless source of power and meaning that can be trusted to nurture and preserve all created good."

A really strong faith grounded in hope, then, refuses despair even in the face of the evidence. It is a foundation for affirming life and living it joyfully even through adversity. "Faith," says Harvey Cox, "postulates a source for the hope that pushes man forward, and it bets its life that this source will not in the end be defeated or frustrated."

This is the quest we see in process today throughout the church by such persons as the pastor with the red balloons. He is trying to show that the Christian faith does offer men freedom, hope, and joy—and the possibility of an existence as buoyant and spontaneous as that of a saucy red balloon.

How long has it been since you had a red balloon—and let yourself just enjoy it?

—YOUR EDITORS

A layman disturbed by many major thrusts of contemporary Christianity tells why he believes the church is losing strength and influence as a result, and suggests that a return to fundamentals could reverse the trend.

Where Have We Gone Astray?

By CHARLES H. HART, M.D.

As a layman, I feel the church has departed from her true roots of righteousness.

The unique function of the church is to change the moral character of individuals. This function is not performed, and is rarely even alluded to, by other social organizations and forces in our society.

From many directions the weakness of the organized church is under criticism. It is said there is a lack of communication between the church and the world, between clergy and laity, and between church members of different age groups.

Such criticisms, embarrassingly, gain credence when we observe the church's declining outreach and influence. It seems to have lost its strength and its grasp of reality. As a result, it appears unable to communicate convincingly or effectively with the world outside or even with some individuals and groups within.

Like many concerned laymen, I have asked, "Where is our weakness, and where have we gone astray?" It is a dilemma for which I, as a layman, am willing to share some of the responsibility and guilt.

I see five major points at which I feel the church is rejecting its own sources of knowledge and belief: We have lost the reality of the living Christ. We too readily accept the premise that man is basically good. We have disregarded tradition, creeds, and codes and try to stand on the shaky ground of reason alone. We have succumbed to materialism and displaced our spiritual heritage. And in our effort to communicate with the world, we have lost communication with God.

Our Lost 'Heart Knowledge'

At the outset, it could be said that we have lost too much of the reality and "heart knowledge" of the living Christ. By "heart knowledge" I mean knowing Jesus as a

real person in a way that goes beyond intellectual, theological, or historical knowledge.

An elderly and wise teacher in our local church school advises me that "too many have lost the vision and the reality of the resurrected Christ." Out of obedience to tradition, the church maintains a mental display of interest in the historic Jesus, but many churchmen have somehow escaped confrontation with a living Lord and commitment to him in their everyday life and work.

I remember the circumstances and feelings surrounding my own confrontation with the real person of Christ, but it remains difficult or impossible to explain this faith to another person. One's own experience must remain the final authority regarding the authenticity or reality of an encounter which is, by definition, very personal.

Finding Him is more satisfying than could be imagined. The presence of Christ remains a miracle, yet a reality. It is definite but not definable, unexpected but welcome to anyone to whom he makes himself known.

In the church we seem to have lost confidence in the miracle of regeneration of individual human beings. Many churchmen have joined secular and humanistic forces that long ago departed from belief in the miracle of a changed heart and a personal God. Now we concentrate on manipulation and management of man's environment, hoping that man himself might be changed by these efforts.

Is Man Naturally Good?

The church has agreed too readily with many sociologists, psychologists, philosophers, and theologians who declare that man is basically good, and that he has a natural tendency toward attributes that should be accredited to God and Christian character. Having been led to this position, many in the church look upon man as having in himself the seeds of nearly infinite mental and moral growth, depending upon educational, sociological, psychological, and other environmental factors.

We find ourselves half believing something that human experience, the history of mankind, and the total teaching of the Bible do not support. If we had no more evidence than the daily reported news and the available statistical records of absolute and relative crime increase, we would have to question strongly man's purported natural tendency toward goodness.

All benefits of a highly civilized society, including education, improvement of physical environment, psychology's contributions to learning and mental health, seemingly have not improved men in their ability or desire to relate themselves to God or to other men.

Even if one discounts the very direct references in the Bible itself, an appraisal of people as we now find them would suggest that evil, immorality, and antisocial behavior arise from man's very being as well as from his environment. I distrust the conclusion that good external environments alone produce good and moral men.

What We Have Tossed Out

Contemporary Christianity has questioned many traditional beliefs, creeds, codes, doctrinal statements, and external disciplines and put them aside. Confidence in creedal statements and adherence to doctrines is replaced by an "open mind" which is "honest" enough to doubt everything. But this mind is neither humble nor honest enough to search ancient creeds in order to find out if they could possibly hold truth relevant to modern man.

In answering contemporary questions about man and God, we have declared our freedom from historic truths and creeds, but without any other solid ground to rest upon. We have turned to rational thought as an authority about the Bible.

Biographies of saints and reformers reveal that few, if any, came to an intimate knowledge of God by human reason, scientific calculation, or speculation. Today's church appears to be floundering in a sea of relative disbelief and pessimism. We have lost that peace which Jesus proclaimed for believers.

Materialism, accompanied by a conscience-saving political and social concern for the less fortunate and less productive segment of an unbelievably affluent society, has nearly stolen our attention and time. We have become more interested in food, clothing, and dwellings than in whether or where a man may spend his eternity.

The modern church has joined politician and social worker in concentrating on complicated economic and political distribution and control of the services and goods of a materialistic society. We are encouraged by church leaders to take an active role in this.

The "charity" practiced by politicians and economic theorists is misconstrued and equated with that practiced by the early church and by Christians throughout history.

Dr. Hart teaches youth in the United Methodist Church of Millersburg, Ohio.

Charity was once considered a free and nonobligating gift of time, goods, or services to those in need and unable to pay. And this gift represented a personal and voluntary contribution. It did not represent money, goods, or services of a government obtained by involuntary taxation, likely not charitably relinquished, possibly not charitably or equitably distributed, and very likely not charitably received.

In our fascination with material-

ism in a complex society, we have forgotten the true meaning of charity and its association with personal sacrifice and giving. Our attention has been diverted from the neighbor next door, and we are found concentrating on the impersonal manipulation and control of a complex society.

The merits of a particular political position and dialogues about individualism and socialism are reasonable topics for a college classroom, but surely should not displace the centrality of the Gospel, the Bible, the message of reconciliation, and the meaning of the cross in Christian thought.

Conservative sentiments and evangelical thought are frequently classified as either questionable or antagonistic to Christianity. Sometimes they suffer the fate of being dismissed as ineffectual and not relevant to a complex and modern society.

The church should be a community of redeemed individuals at work redeeming society, not an organization whose end is feeding, clothing, and housing men or influencing their minds and behavior by psychological processes borrowed, not from the Bible but from secular, agnostic, and humanistic schools of thought.

The history of the church during periods of outstanding evangelical ministry reveals a concomitantly strong ministry to the physical needs of individuals. A good example is the existence today of numerous church-related hospitals. They grew out of hearts that were "burdened" for the salvation of souls, yet at the same time were not blind to man's physical and psychological needs.

The contemporary separation between these ministries is likely the result of a nearly complete loss of a spiritual emphasis by the modern church. The accusation that conservative evangelicals are unconcerned with the physical needs and predicaments of men where they are and where they live is not justified.

Today we talk much about social revolution. The church's role is to work for a changed heart and a new moral character in individuals. A change in the motivation of individuals can operate on a group or organizational level, but not until it first is effected in the individual hearts of people within that organization.

The revolution that is so much talked about throughout the world is external, produced by man and men's wisdom. The revolution that we need is internal, created by a miraculous invasion of the spirit of man by the Spirit of God.

We Have Lost Touch With God

Another weakness of the church is a growing lack of emphasis on communicating with the Lord himself. There is a paradoxical and frenzied concern that the church "communicate" with the world. We should not disregard the extreme importance of communicating with those outside, but we will have little of importance to offer if we are not, ourselves, in communication with the living God.

We seem eager to communicate with the world on race relations, labor and management problems, international and domestic issues, but we find ourselves awkward or silent, particularly on a personal level, in communication with the world about Jesus Christ or the cross and its meaning.

Individual Christians should be vitally interested and involved in social and economic problems that mushroom in a complex society, but the communication of the church with the world should be permeated with the Gospel of Christ.

Communication between the church and the world always has caused conflict. The Lord himself attempted communication with his people, and they "received him not." Communication with the world about God, about Christ, and about the cross and our redemption is likely to be misunderstood or poorly received.

The world always has tended to rebuff rather than to embrace the Gospel, just as Christ was rebuffed and rejected. The world would be much better if she heard the word of faith pertaining to Christ, rather than present-day pronouncements filled with humanistic and socialistic reiterations of political, economic, and social solutions for an obviously sick society.

Where Are We Going?

We are forced to ask ourselves where we are going, if we claim more than historical and traditional knowledge of God and his son Jesus Christ. We must ask ourselves what we can do to prevent a seemingly diminishing witness and influence in the modern world. What can we do to reverse the trend toward an ineffective, though apparently less-offensive, witness to the world in which we live?

We must be recipients in depth of the "new birth" that Jesus brought to the attention of Nicodemus. We must ourselves come to Jesus, so that the depth of our own spiritual depravity is revealed and our hearts healed. We must know for sure the meaning and reality of a "witness of the Holy Spirit" within our own hearts. We must believe and practice—regularly, devoutly, searchingly—a renewed private and group prayer life.

With hearts and minds opened to the living God we must confess our sins, repent of our disobedience and separation from his presence, and return by route of earnest prayer to communication and fellowship with the Lord of hosts as he becomes Lord of our lives. By the same route, we must return to fellowship with those who, like the prodigal son, have returned to the Father.

We must carefully, prayerfully, regularly, and with faith read the Bible for strength and comfort, in order to combat personal feelings, moods, sterile rational thinking, and heartless scientific endeavors that are likely to prevent or destroy our faith. We must return to the Bible as our dependable authority. (Second Peter 1:20.)

The church cannot make amends for lost ground. But this does not in any way relieve any of us of the personal responsibility of returning to God whenever we have departed from him. God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit are all unlimited, except as we limit them.

Our communication with others, in or out of the church, will be meaningful and fruitful just as soon as we have live, real, and continual communication with our Lord and Savior. □

In addition to sharing household chores, children from early childhood should have a part in making family plans and in finding solutions to family problems. One guarantee of this is a family council, which moved this family from . . .

Turmoil to Teamwork

By BARBARA BANKS

CHAOS WAS the order of the day at our house that Friday. Mac and I, and our four children, were trying to catch the four o'clock train for San Francisco.

"Look at the time," I groaned, finally. "We'll never make it."

That morning we had given strict orders to each child to do a special job. Not one had come through. I was frantic. I checked the time.

"Sally, help T.J. pack. Jane, why haven't you taken that cat to Granny's? Pete, will you *please* lock the doors and windows. T.J., don't dawdle. And someone carry out the suitcases."

From downstairs, Mac called: "Who has the car keys? Quick!"

Somehow we made it, but I burned with annoyance as the train pulled out. Still, I could admire them from a distance. T.J., aged nine and our youngest, already had bent his black head over his usual science book. His chunky 13-year-old sister Jane was tidying up his stray belongings, unconsciously mothering him. Pete, 16, nicknamed "Pelican" because of his jutting nose and gliding motion as a track star, leaned toward Sal, our vivacious high-school senior, and exchanged

some teen-age nonsense with her.

Yes, they were a family to love, but they were thoughtless and irresponsible too much of the time.

"Somehow we got off on the wrong track," I worried to Mac. "No matter how many rules we lay down, or how much discipline we use, those children just don't cooperate."

Then one magic night soon after that trip Mac and I went to a PTA lecture on strengthening family life. The speaker was a clinical psychologist and president of the California Family Guidance Center, Dr. Floyd M. Anderson.

He said that children should learn the value of contributing to the family group in a way that is appropriate to their age and abilities. From early childhood, he suggested, they can take part in household chores, in making family plans, and in trying to find solutions to family problems.

Any person, young or old, is more interested in carrying out something he has helped instigate, he pointed out. Participation is the key word. And he said one excellent way for young people to participate is through a family council.

"Let's try it," said Mac on the way home.

Dr. Anderson had advised starting with something simple, so one evening after dinner Mac pushed back his chair. "How about planning an excursion for Saturday?" he asked. "Anyone have any ideas?"

Did they ever! Pete yearned to go surfing. Sal thought it would be fun to visit cousins at Del Mar. T.J. wanted to go "rock-hounding." Jane was interested in a picnic. The controversy got hot.

Mac and I played it cool for once, watching and waiting. This was hard for me. I dislike discord. Jane, who is like me in that, finally looked to Mac to reestablish order.

"What do you think everyone would enjoy, since this is a *family* outing?" he asked.

"Let's take a vote," Pete suggested. Soon it was settled. We would take a picnic to Del Mar and stop along the way for surfing and rock-hunting. Then we got down to the details: what route to take, what food we would have for the picnic, who would do the shopping, who would make the lunch. Jane took paper and pencil and listed the various chores. Each person volunteered to be responsible for something.

Saturday's departure was silken, and the good feeling lasted throughout the trip.

Pete and his maps occupied the front seat with Mac. "Hey, Dad," he said on the way home, "I've been thinking. The way we planned the trip today, sort of all deciding together. That was really groovy. Why don't we do more things that way?"

A murmur of agreement came from the back seat, so Mac smoothly started to set up our first family council meeting.

It would take place the following Sunday, we agreed. What time, and where? We quite naturally decided that the best place was around the dining table after dinner.

At the beginning of the meeting we joined hands and prayed for guidance. Then talk flowed freely and naturally.

At first, meetings were compulsory, but we learned very soon that forced attendance was not necessary. Anyone who missed a family council found that he had been assigned some sticky job, or that his pet project had been voted out.

Families differ, of course, in how they conduct their council meetings, but I believe in informality. When a situation becomes deadly serious, it can be rescued with a joke.

What kinds of family matters should be discussed? In our case previous problems made it obvious that job allocations would be a good place to begin.

We did some studying and learned that we were not the only family for which chores were a problem. A University of Michigan research study had found that many teen-agers are responsible for only the meagerest kinds of jobs at home, if any. Nineteen hundred girls were asked what regular work they were required to do at home, and only 29 percent of those over 16 reported that they had even light responsibilities.

Dr. Paul Popenoe, of the American Institute of Family Relations, feels that too many young people do not carry their fair share of the load at home. "A considerable amount of readjustment is necessary in many a family," he has said, "to give the younger generation adequate training in teamwork and cooperation, so necessary to good citizenship."

The future citizens in our family set about dividing up home chores. "A fair and equitable distribution of labor" is the way Sally put it. "But let's try some new and interesting jobs, not the same old dull stuff, and rotate them."

Besides chores, council meetings took up the use of the TV, car, and telephone, dating rules, parties, hours for homework, allowances, vacations, important purchases, and so on.

Parents have to be the judges of how much responsibility their children can handle. The Wilsons, in our neighborhood, feel their children should have a say in whatever they are directly concerned with. This rule of thumb can have its amusing results in some families.

For instance, Ezra Taft Benson, former secretary of agriculture and a well-known conservative, had to drive around Washington in a flashy red car because the stately black one he preferred was voted down in a Benson family council.

A more common illustration, however, is that teen-agers are much more willing to be responsible for washing and servicing a car if they have had to investigate facts and figures before it was purchased, and if they have had a part in its selection.

The Wilsons decided to let their teen-agers in on redecorating the living room. During many weeks of meetings, swatches were examined and colors were argued over. When I went over to admire the completed job, Mrs. Wilson told me rather wistfully that the colors were not exactly what she would have chosen.

"But it is well worth it because the children got so much experience," she said. "Besides, they wouldn't dream of putting their feet up on the furniture now. And you should hear them fussing at their friends about dropping popcorn on the rug."

Our family also uses council meetings to discuss codes of behavior. Should you lie to save a person's feeling? How does a girl tell a boyfriend she wants to break off? Should you turn in the fellow you saw cheating on an exam? What do you do about the teacher you think has been unfair? Why go to church school? Thinking these problems through together helps the boy or girl who is confused by them, and it also helps those who will be grappling with similar situations later.

In all meetings it is important to keep what the family is trying to decide clearly in mind. An agenda is helpful here. T.J. brainstormed the idea of posting one on the kitchen bulletin board. Anyone can jot down a project or idea there, provided it is identified with initials. Posting subjects in advance gives us all a chance to mull over ideas and gather facts or supporters for our views.

Our family councils have not always run smoothly. At the beginning Mac and I discovered we had much to change about ourselves, and much to learn. My tendency was to gloss over disagreements. Mac's was to take over when he got riled. Neither approach was very helpful to the children's growth or to family communication.

I remember one particular evening because it was such a fiasco. The meeting started well. Then Mac summarized the decisions reached so far and asked: "Now what about TV? We've made a ruling that there will be no TV on school nights, but it doesn't seem to stick."

Sally: "Sometimes we're supposed to watch certain programs for school."

Me: "Well, that might be an exception."

Jane: "My favorite program is on Thursday nights."

Pete: "Mine, too."

More discussion followed, everyone was talking at once.

Mac: "TV on week-nights interferes with homework and sleep, and I say it's out."

All children together: "But we vote in favor of it!"

Mac, raising his voice: "When the health and welfare of this family are in jeopardy, I will be the one to decide."

Pete, shouting: "Unfair and undemocratic!"

Me, interrupting Jane, who was trying to speak: "Now, Pete."

Jane: "Nobody in this family cares what I say or think." She rushed out of the room in tears, and the meeting broke up. The following week, with cooler heads, we reached a compromise.

We have learned, too, that it sometimes is best to go ahead with decisions we parents feel are wrong, on a trial basis. Often the children themselves will reverse a decision that is not working.

At the same time we have realized that some decisions must remain the prerogative of parents. These are decisions about basic values and the health and safety of the family. Other matters, such as certain financial affairs, are beyond the children's experience. All this they have come to understand and respect.

As time has gone on, we have learned not to be upset by strong differences of opinion. Conflict is not only normal, it stimulates thinking. And we have discovered that differences of opinion between parents and children need not be interpreted as insubordination or lack of respect. Rather, they can be signs of mutual trust and effective communication.

We have learned, above all, that it is important to let each person have a chance to express his ideas and be heard. Before one of our family council meetings Mac surreptitiously put his tape recorder under the table. When the meeting was over he played it back. You could have heard a pin drop as each person tried to evaluate his own attitudes and contributions.

Gradually it became apparent that young T.J. was being competely drowned out. Every time he started to speak, someone interrupted him. Soon we all were laughing and hugging him, assuring him that we would hear him out in the future.

If you decide to try out the family council idea, remember these few pointers:

- 1. *Start with a simple problem.*
- 2. *Hold your meetings at a regular time and place. Keep them informal and friendly.*
- 3. *Follow an agenda and keep your goals clearly in mind.*
- 4. *Expect conflict and give each family member a chance to be heard.*
- 5. *Reach a joint decision and plan how to implement it.*

If your family councils follow this framework, you soon will see evidences of growth. Children will be more able to handle responsibility, and will learn how to cooperate. They will learn new skills as they tackle more challenging jobs, and will learn to speak out and make themselves clearly understood. And they will gain respect for others' viewpoints.

As a parent, you also will grow—in patience, tolerance, and the ability to listen. And you will find that when you give your children a chance, they probably will prove themselves far more capable and wise than you ever dreamed. □

Baby in the Backyard

We sterilized your bottles
And sanitized your clothes.
Your room was scoured with the highest-powered
Germicide science knows.

We tubbed and scrubbed you daily.
We manicured your paws.
From toe to bean you were surgically clean.
We breathed on you through gauze.

A speck of dirt come near you?
How appalled would be our cries!
Yet here you park, happy as a lark,
Making your first mud pies.

—Ethel Jacobson

On sturdy bikes brought back from Japan, the Batistes ride five strong near their home in San Antonio, Texas.

Harold E. Batiste, Jr.:

Air Force Major

FIRST, AS A very young boy, he did menial odd jobs—washing pots, waxing automobiles.

Later, he played drums in a band, worked as a laborer, longshoreman, mail clerk, and accountant. He even owned and operated his own automobile "beauty shop"—and he kept looking for opportunities.

He stayed in school and studied hard, concentrating on chemistry, mathematics, personnel work, teaching, modern business methods, and hospital administration.

Today, Major Harold E. Batiste, Jr., a medical administrative officer, is chief of the quality-control branch and assistant chief of the personnel division at Wilford Hall Hospital, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas. Wilford Hall is the largest one-unit hospital in the U.S. Department of Defense, and that alone says something about the far-ranging re-

Two-year-old Amy's harmonica "solo" may need a little more polishing, but there is a musical strain in the family. The major is an excellent drummer.

In his office, Major Batiste leads a conference of some of the hospital administration staff he directs.

sponsibilities of the 37-year-old medical administrative officer who recognizes pot washing and car waxing as important early phases of his own life-long "career development program."

"At a tender age, I learned to meet, deal with, and communicate to people," says Major Batiste, a tall, lean man (six feet three, 175 pounds) who doesn't wait for opportunity to come knocking.

The fact that he seems to have succeeded in everything he attempts can't be credited to luck. Those who know him say he's always ready—mentally, physically, and spiritually—for a new challenge.

"My father taught us to work," he says. "Both my parents were God-fearing folks who saw to it that we lived the type of lives we should live, and this was reflected in our home life."

He first learned to work with his father, polishing cars and doing janitorial chores, and later in the service station his father operated in Houston, Texas. Many of his jobs were menial. When the elder Batiste took the streetcar to an exclusive suburb—where he waxed automobiles at $2.50 each—the boy went along to do his part by polishing the wheels.

The home was well situated for parents who wanted their children to have good educations. The grade school was right across the street, the high school was

When 10-year-old Harold Batiste III alights from the USAF school bus, his brother, Bertrand, 7, and a neighborhood playmate come to greet him.

The Batiste home is a place for worship, play, love, music—and responsibilities. Young Harold is just starting trombone lessons which he sandwiches between caring for his sister and delivering papers. Bertrand (right) tries out the drums that helped his father through college.

almost as close, and college—Texas Southern University—was only 10 blocks away.

Not only was young Harold a good student, he was a popular one, as well. He edited the high-school yearbook. He was senior-class president. He took prize-winning photographs. At Texas Southern he was class president all four years and, in addition to other school and national honors, was voted "Campus Favorite."

He majored in chemistry, with mathematics as a minor, but changed his major to business administration and was permitted to complete work on a degree in that subject after enlisting in the Air Force in 1954. Then, finding himself ineligible for officer's candidate school because of his brief service, he applied for a direct commission and became a second lieutenant four months later.

Since then all his assignments have been in some phase of USAF hospital work—in Alabama, Maryland, Japan, Hawaii, and Texas. He has served in personnel, training and administration, supply, as a registrar, and as commander of a medical-service squadron. As an enlisted man, he taught math and was a statistician for a testing branch.

Major Batiste is married to the former Gertrude (Trudy) Scott, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Scott. She is a graduate of United Methodist-related Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, where she majored in religious education and sociology. After marriage, she was a social worker for the Young Women's Christian Association.

When the family returned from assignments at USAF bases in Japan and Hawaii in 1965, they wanted to join a "civilian" church after worshiping in military chapels for some 10 years. They chose Chapel Hill United Methodist Church in San Antonio, and were warmly welcomed as the only active Negro members of the congregation.

"I don't believe you could find a finer family," says the Rev. David A. Brantley, pastor, pointing out that Harold almost immediately began to assume many responsibilities—as a lay leader, conference member, official board member, trustee, youth leader, and teacher.

"Neither in my church nor in my career has race prejudice ever been a factor," says Major Batiste. "I have served under good, kind leaders, and I've tried to be prepared for the opportunities at hand."

Being prepared means there is no end in sight for the continuing education of Harold E. Batiste, Jr. Earlier this year, he completed requirements for his master's degree in education (concentrating on administration and supervision) at Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio. Ahead of him is the work he begins this fall toward a master's degree in health-care administration at George Washington University, Washington, D.C., under air force sponsorship.

The Batistes live in a duplex ranch-style house about two miles from the hospital complex. They have three children: Harold, 10, Bertrand, 7, and Amy, 2.

Acquaintances note that Major Batiste is the same man wherever he is—on duty at the hospital, in the church, at home, or over the back fence. This is evi-

Trudy, whose father and a brother are United Methodist ministers, attends a WSCS planning session at the Chapel Hill Church. Major Batiste (below) jogs to keep fit, following a program outlined in a popular book on aerobics written by a member of the Wilford Hall staff.

dence of his "whole man" approach to life. As an Air Force officer, he believes he must win confidence and loyalty by his own actions.

His personal philosophy, he explains, is based on Romans 12: "Don't become snobbish but take a real interest in ordinary people. Don't become set in your own opinions—live at peace with everyone."

At the same time, he and Mrs. Batiste feel closely akin to other members of their race, and are deeply concerned with the Negro's struggle for recognition and equality. They feel that, as a family, they must make their own contribution toward communication and understanding between the races.

"Although I abhor any suggestion of violence in connection with the black-power movement, for example, I believe that a great deal of good is to be gained by focusing attention on the Negro's history and culture, and his important role in building the nation.

"Many are not aware that the Negro has made great contributions throughout our history. For instance, few know that a Negro discovered the site of Chicago, another surveyed the boundaries of the District of Columbia, and a Negro woman may have saved George Washington from assassination by warning him that his food had been poisoned."

Like most of us, Major Harold Batiste does not expect the history books of the future to record his accomplishments. But who knows? Should the occasion arise, we can be sure of one thing. Here is a man who will be prepared. He will be ready.

—Herman B. Teeter

Are You Carrying a CROSS or a BURDEN?

By GEORGE W. WEBB
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Westboro, Massachusetts

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whoever would save his life will lose it; and whoever loses his life for my sake and the gospel's will save it.—Mark 8:34, 35

IF YOU WERE asked to name Jesus' most difficult saying, which would it be? "Do not be anxious about your life . . ."? "Judge not, that you be not judged . . ."? "Love your enemies . . ."? "Do not give dogs what is holy . . ."? "You . . . must be perfect . . ."?

All these are difficult, of course, and there are many other hard sayings of Jesus. Many are difficult to understand, and some are hard to believe. Yet, the saying of our Lord which I consider to be hardest of all is this: *"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."* It appears in each of the first three Gospels, twice in both Matthew and Luke.

In all contexts, Jesus is instructing and enlisting followers. This theme appears to be central in his teaching. Whether he is instructing would-be disciples or the Twelve or the multitudes, the saying speaks to the utter commitment one must make in order to join his band.

As the saying appears in the Gospel According to Mark, Jesus is engaged in recruiting an army. There is no question that he desires a cadre of men and women who will join him in attacking the world's evils. Jesus is intent on overcoming powers that prevent men from entering into their full humanity. He proposes to do this by enlisting commitment, and he does not propose to do the job alone.

We can see his little army taking shape as Jesus looks over his acquaintances, calls Andrew, Simon, James, and John, and instructs them. The Sermon on the Mount is given to these four disciples. Later this nucleus is enlarged to 12, and then to 70. Jesus sends them on a mission. Their purpose is to attack evil forces in the world wherever they find them, and their posture is that of *offense*, not defense.

Here is the picture of the church, this company of committed ones using the cross as a battering ram to break through the gates of evil so that the Kingdom might be proclaimed. Viewed in this light, the invitation to carry a cross is not so strange as many would have us suppose. Jesus was realistic about what lay ahead for those who would go with him. He did not pull any punches. He was honest and clear in what he had to offer—not picnics but persecutions, not high salaries but deep scars, not cushions but crosses: "If any man would come after me, let him . . . take up his cross and follow me."

A Cross Has Special Meaning

One of the most prevalent misuses of the word "cross" is with reference to any hurt or handicap. I once accompanied a friend to visit the home of a widow, the mother of a mongolian child. My friend told me that this woman had been widowed for 17 years. She had worked at whatever employment she could do at home in order to add to a miserably small pension, while she cared for her 21-year-old son who had the mind of an infant. No institution was available in that part of the country to help him.

I shall never forget that woman. Asked how she was able across the years to keep her radiant spirit, she replied, "I have not always had it. There was a time when I felt that I could not survive under my burdens. When I accepted them as my cross, strength was given me that I cannot explain."

I have thought about her words many times. She knew the difference between a burden and a cross. A burden is an affliction that is thrust upon you. A cross is something you take upon yourself for the sake of another. A burden is the handicap that is handed you by life's circumstances. A cross is the pain you reach for in order to change those conditions of life which hand out burdens to others.

No one is ever drafted to take up a cross. He is invited, and he does so voluntarily. When Jesus said, "If any man would come after me, . . ." all the power of human freedom is wrapped up in that little word, "if." Not even the Lord of the cross himself can make you carry a cross. You do it of your own volition.

A Cross Counts for Something

A second commonly held misconception is that the way of the cross is the way of passive submission. One only goes to the cross when he cannot do anything else, we say, or else he is a fool. This equates the cross with weakness rather than strength, with defeat and not victory.

There came a time in Jesus' ministry when he realized the inevitability of his death. He told his disciples that it would be necessary for him to suffer and die. But because they held the idea that the weak die and the strong live, they rejected the very thought. It was not that they were afraid of death but they were demoralized by the submissive death that the cross projected.

They were not cowards. On the night that Jesus was arrested, Peter grabbed a sword and attempted to assassinate the high priest. He missed him completely, but his swath cut off the ear of a servant. With the sword—that was the only way they knew to fight! They wanted their deaths to count for something. To die with a sword in the hand was one thing; to die with a nail through the hand was quite another. They ran to live and fight another day.

When Jesus issued the invitation to take up the cross, he might have been thinking of many horrible scenes of crucifixion that he had seen. When he was about 12 years old, one Judas of Galilee sought to overthrow the Romans. This Judas led a raid on the Roman arsenal at Sepphoris, and it seemed for a brief moment that he would succeed. Then the Roman legions came, put down the rebellion, and lined every road leading out of Sepphoris with crosses. On every one of them a countryman of Jesus was hanged. Perhaps it was there that the young Jesus saw the result of violence and chose the way of nonviolent resistance instead.

When Jesus began enlisting his army of committed men, their arms were not of this world. Their chief arm was an attitude that would give them the power to turn the other cheek, to go the second mile—to go even to death on a cross if necessary. If this was what Jesus had in mind, there should have been 12 other crosses with the 3 on Golgotha on Good Friday, 2000 years ago.

His call to carry the cross was his call for his followers to imitate him. As Theodore P. Ferris has written, "The picture we get of Jesus in the Gospels is of a man who asked people to follow him, to be like him, to take up their cross as he took up his." Jesus never asked that his followers give more than he did, but neither did he require any less.

Some people are looking only for the joy and peace and success that Jesus promised. "Why should I have to carry a cross?" they ask. Something happens inside a man when he considers himself exempt from cross-carrying. A decay sets in which eventuates in death. No one is truly exempt.

Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke has wrapped this truth in a story about a hermit who for more than a generation lived in a shack just off a highway. No one really knew the man, but a legend had grown up around his origin.

During the Civil War, his father had managed to find a stand-in to serve for his son. Eventually the war was over, and the men who had gone to serve began to return. Some were whole and others maimed, but all who returned told stories of daring and valor. The stand-in did not come home.

Brooding over the price that another had paid for him, the son began to withdraw from his friends. He was seen less and less as the months went by, and before a year had passed he built a hermit's shack by the side of the road. The remainder of his life was lived as a crumpled shell of a man. In one of his more lucid moments he spoke the words which constituted his autobiography: "I died the day I received my exemption papers."

The Freedom to Choose

You have the freedom to choose exemption from your cross. You do not have to suffer for another if you do not wish to. No one can make you give yourself for a great cause. But the sad fact is that unless you do so you miss *life*. Perhaps this was the type of person Jesus had in mind when he said, "Leave the dead to bury their own dead."

Literally nothing of value is accomplished in this world unless someone carries a cross. Sometimes that cross means physical death, as it did for Jesus, but without the cross there would have been no Resurrection and no living church. Down through the centuries men and women have been called to carry the cross of death in order to change the direction of history.

But most of us are called to *live* our cross—our cross of loneliness in the research laboratory to find a cure for disease that is crippling millions; our cross of exhaustion as we labor at two full jobs in order to put the kids through college; our cross of weariness and frustration as we serve night after night on a town committee so that the neighbors will have pure water to drink; our cross of sneers and jeers as we walk in picket lines to protest unjust laws or practices; our cross of ostracism from our own blood family in order to be better members of the family of God.

You, too, have a cross to carry. No one can tell you where or what it is, but you probably would not have to look far to find it.

There is something within us that rebels at being asked to do more than is absolutely necessary. It is natural to seek ways to avoid our cross. But Christ came to change our natures and make us new creatures.

If we look for our cross, pick it up, and carry it for the sake of others, it will be to his glory. □

CONFESSIONS OF WHITEY

By EVERETT A. WALDO
Field Representative
U.S. Commission on Civil Rights

LAST MARCH, white America was indicted as racist by a presidentially appointed National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which concluded that "Our Nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white . . . separate and unequal." [1] White America still largely disbelieves that indictment.

In May, I went to room 306 of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis. There on the balcony, among dry and withered memorial flowers, I wept once again. I did not weep for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who was murdered there a month earlier; I wept for myself, and for America.

Since then, there have been a few small moves toward making responses which will effectively resolve our national and historical fault. But any response will be inadequate and short-lived unless we find out who we are and what that means. For those of us who are white, this means first that we must understand that we are white, and what this means in the total con-

[1] *The* Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders *is available as a Bantam paperback* (*$1.25*).—Eds.

Being white is so easy that most white people never know what it means. But being black is a crushing load. Black people know every moment that they are black, and the system maintains white dominance. Our silence, says the author, condones racism and violence as the American way.

text of our society. Until we know that, we cannot know anyone else as anything.

I Am White

I grew up where all the people were white. There was no question about what color the real world was. Oh, we did have a vague notion that somewhere "out there" in the rest of the world were people who had different colored skin. But that was something we rarely had to deal with. One of my third-grade classmates said to our teacher, after the departure of a black singer of spirituals, "Why was that man covered with brown chalk?"

When he visited our town on his tours, that black singer always stayed in our home. My parents always carefully prepared me for his visit: "If he smells different, don't pay any attention; just as his skin looks different than ours, he smells different, too." I was given a sign to prove that he was, however, not *that* different from the rest of us—the palm of his hand would be as white as mine. Both instructions were wrong: he did not smell any different, nor were the palms of his hands as white as mine. I wondered why a black man needs white palms in order to be a person.

All my school history lessons were just as inadequate. The sum of the Negro history I was taught consisted of the fact that "they" (will we ever escape that third-person reference?) were brought to America under force, were freed by the violence of the Civil War, and now, therefore, "they" are just like everybody else. For good measure, a few names like George Washington Carver and Booker Taliaferro Washington were thrown in—but not Crispus Attucks, Nat Turner, or W. E. B. Du Bois.

In 1963 I joined thousands of others in a March on Washington. I believed I was doing a marvelous thing by being there, standing under the hot sun, without food or drink for seven hours. I knew *why* I was there. But only by being there did I discover that I really knew nothing of *what* it was all about.

Sometime in the afternoon a black lady from Birmingham looked at me, tears streaming down her face, and said, "Why do all you white folks hate all us black folks?"

That was the first time I knew I was *white*. It is so easy to be white that most of us never even know what it means. To be black is a crushing load, so black people —like that black lady—know every moment that they are black.

I knew I did not hate that lady; I wanted to protest, but could not. To her, I was all white men. To myself I was, for the first time in my life, "Whitey."

Since then I have learned even more clearly how white I am. Late last year, as a field investigator for the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, I visited several big-city ghettos hit by riots in 1967. Walking in one, in less than 10 minutes I was identified as a salesman ("Hey, man, your price is too high for a place this hot!"), an agent for the police ("Don't you white cops dare wear your suits down here anymore?"), and just plain "Whitey" ("What you doin' here, Whitey? This place is only for souls!") as I was shoved from a barroom where I had expected to meet some important contacts.

Black Is Invisible

The deeper I go into the chasm that separates blacks and whites, the more real it is to me that black men are giving up on the white man's society and white man's government. They are giving up in despair and exhaustion, their frustration and anger building higher and hotter, the separation widening.

Black men are giving up because they are tired of being invisible. When a man is invisible, he is nothing. Although black men undergirded the southern economy for years, their homes are still out of sight and out of sound and, therefore, hopefully, out of mind. In this latter day, the black man is confined to the rotten central cities through which we Whiteys speed on fast expressways or enter and exit by buses or express trains from our isolated green suburban retreats.

Whether one looks back to the southern plantations or into today's cities, the black man is conveniently out of sight. The relatively few who have got in on the goods of this rich society and are conspicuous, are nothing more than a salve to our corporate conscience, a token gesture to convince ourselves that a black man can make it. Most black men cannot make it because we refuse to see them. Indeed, we cannot see them, because we have not yet seen ourselves as we are.

But when an invisible black man throws a brick or a fire bomb, he is no longer invisible; he is noticed. He suddenly finds a sense of power, a sense of being. After a hundred years of painfully searching for ways to become noticed, to become real in this country, violent destruction has made more black men visible than ever before.

The American Way

To date there are few signs that the response of America to the increased violent outbursts in our cities will be a move toward justice for all its people. Instead, our response may be determined by our historic and traditional manner of dealing with an untenable situation: remove the apparent troublemakers.

America is a nation nourished and reared on violence. From the expulsion of the Indians to the murders of Dr. King and Senator Robert F. Kennedy, our history is woven, warp and woof, with violence. And racism is the twin of violence. Violence is a method of

gaining power over one's adversary; racism in America is the same method applied to the group that appears to be different. And the darkest-skinned Americans have borne the heaviest brunt of that kind of violence.

At one level violence is usually thought of in terms of lynchings, murders, and destructive brutalities. Recent increases at this level are seen in repressive police action throughout the nation, in a whole city presently known for its citizens who are trained in the use of personal firearms, and in police forces and National Guardsmen newly equipped to wage domestic wars.

At another level, the black man is finding that the courts make examples out of his leaders, a new refinement on the long-standing dual standard of justice by which the black man is dealt with more harshly than the white. And statements uttered to protect white "rights" as the dominant group over black people are no less violent than the actual purchase and use of weaponry. Calls for law and order in today's context are essentially calls for further repression and violence against the black man who seeks full manhood and full citizenship.

At still another level are the "beneficent" programs of welfare, which demand that the poor pull themselves up by nonexistent bootstraps while they are forced to stand on a system of quicksand. The repeated trauma of hoped-for hope and help which results in less hope and more misery and frustration is certainly the most subtle and sadistic psychological violence waged against the black man. Recent cutbacks in the war on poverty, restrictions on welfare, and increased control of poverty programs by white political establishments increase the intensity of this kind of violence against the personality housed in a black body.

Therefore, the American way of violence has been and presently is the chosen response of white America to the efforts of black Americans to become visible, to share both the wealth and power.

This response, of course, is based on the desire of whites to maintain white domination.

Toward Justice

In spite of our propensity to violence, whites are carefully trained to be "polite and nice" to each other. We do not "tell it like it is," but try to hide ourselves and each other from truth and reality. Our unbelief at the National Advisory Commission's Report is due to the fact that we refuse to accept the facts if they clash with our cherished preconceptions.

But we must hear that black lady from Birmingham and all her black brothers and sisters. We must listen to the smack of the assassin's bullet. Our situation is desperate, and the careening spiral of violence against violence against violence has already gained frightening momentum. Time has run out on us.

And we are still silent. Our silence condones racism and violence as the American way. In our society, where the violence of overt brutality and deliberate oppression against our black citizens is commonplace, lack of involvement and silence are votes of confidence to the active racists. There is no "uninvolvement"; we all are involved. Either we are for continued racism and violence or we are against it. If we are against it, we are for justice, and must speak up and be counted as such.

There are two basic responses average white people can make. The first of these is *to become informed.* Find out what being black means, so that to some degree you can know what it means that you are white. Read Negro history, literature, periodicals; get in close social contact with Negroes and learn from them what they feel, and from them, how it is to be black in America. Individuals and groups can do this. And although this smacks of paternalistic tokenism, it is an essential and basic course white Americans must take.

Become informed concerning the white establishment which perpetrates subjugation of the black man. Both the Kerner Commission Report and *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness*[2] document in detail the ways in which official government programs continue the system of oppression against black people and the failure of white establishments to respond effectively to legitimate grievances.

In your local community, the welfare system, employment services and employers, school system, transportation, financial institutions, urban renewal, housing patterns, police departments, and medical services and facilities all play a vital role in the situation. Find out what is happening in these agencies.

The second response toward justice in America is to *break the silence.* Goodwilled white Americans and their organizations, (churches, PTAs, social clubs, service clubs, professional groups, and so on) are capable of making considerable and effective noise against injustice. Information about the policies and programs of public agencies should be made public. Officials should be openly challenged about the administration of such programs. Demand hard, concrete answers; do not be satisfied with public-relations statements or the evasive snow job.

The fact that this is an election year can be used to advantage in pushing candidates to the wall on every issue. Check every candidate's voting records and assess the political power he can command to deliver platform promises. Become a letter writer to elected officials at all levels of government, perhaps especially those in Congress.

No established practice is abandoned without threatening the power base of the establishment. Your group—your church—can challenge your community power structure, and thus help bring about change.

Constructive change must be essentially a resolution of problems in a manner benefiting both parties. Otherwise, change is merely one power yielding to a stronger power, which is the essence of violence and domination. This is neither the path to justice, nor is it Christian. The just and Christian way is to seek the fulfillment of each one involved, black and white, citizen and official, person and principality.

This is the way toward justice for every man in America. □

[2] Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness, *the story of the Watts riots in 1965, by Robert Conot, Bantam paperback (95¢).*—Eds.

Youth in Action: What Are They Doing?

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-Joe Hoener, Great Bend, Kans.

—Jack Drake, South Bend, Ind.

—Allan B. Partridge, Durham, N.H.

TO ANSWER this question, 226 of our reader-photographers submitted nearly 1,200 color transparencies, plus thousands of enthusiastic words extolling this generation of young people.

Because the theme ranges over so many intangibles, *Together*'s 12th annual *Photo Invitational* was perhaps the most challenging of any to date. Yet, as usual, our camera buffs met the challenge with both insight and technical skill. (Camera, film, and exposure data are summarized on page 66.)

On these pages you'll see today's young people in a few of their numerous wide-ranging activities. For the most part, they are seriously going about growing up—while involving themselves in everything from work and worship to hobbies and homecomings, from fun and fantasy to algebra and athletics.

—John D. Clinton, Des Moines, Iowa

Youth in Action: What Are They Doing?

CHAMPION runner Jim Ryun, leading the pack, typifies hundreds of thousands of young athletes whose rigorous training and self-discipline constantly enable them to excel the feats of their fathers. Similar dedication and long hours of practice are required of the high-stepping precision marchers.

The boys and girls boarding a school bus are beginning anew, as all children must; and the young chemist has vastly more knowledge to master than textbooks contained only a few years ago. The latter picture is one of two on these pages taken by a member of today's go-go generation—Jack Drake, age 15.

—C. Otto Rasmussen, Washington, D.C.

—F. H. Burris, Lompoc, Calif.

—Jack Drake, South Bend, Ind.

—Lorraine Gover, Lutherville, Md.

—Brian A. McGuire, Brevard, N.C.

—Mrs. Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.

Youth in Action: What Are They Doing?

IN OUR office book of quotations, "Youth" claims some 400 lines, almost 10 times the space devoted to all other headings under Y.

It would seem that every great writer of the past had something to say on this ever-current topic—sometimes critically, usually with appreciation and understanding. A typical quotation is from George Macdonald, Scottish novelist and poet:

"When we are out of sympathy with the young," he declares, "then I think our work in this world is over."

Here we see young women engaged in artistic expression, five as ballet dancers, another as a painter transferring to canvas her impression of a wooded scene. Other forms of artistry are shown by the young men, one exhibiting a prize animal, others demonstrating the resourcefulness that enabled their ancestors to survive the wilderness and settle a vast, hostile country.

—Min Sapir, New York, N.Y.

—Rohn Eng, Star Prairie, Wis.

—Min Sapir, New York, N.Y.

– William H. Jones, Ottawa, Ont.

Youth in Action: What Are They Doing?

THE WORLD is theirs—as it always has been for the young—to taste, to smell, to feel, to hear, to doubt, to reject...and to remake. Perhaps no other generation has so strictly conformed to nonconformity (below), or so ardently expressed individuality; perhaps no other has been so out of touch with things which, if they no longer really exist, no longer matter to them.

Oh, a waterfall still matters; it is powerful, musical, and beautiful, even if it is not 'in' to say so in poetic terms. The lure of sea and sun remains, though scant beach attire excites no more comment today than the "daring" knee-length swimsuits of the early 20s.

Perhaps, after all, old things merely take on new garb. We must acknowledge that beards have come and gone throughout history, that a guitar is simply a grown-up ukulele. And, by the way, how did we look in bell-bottom trousers and the raccoon coats that were in "style" not so many years ago?

—Marsha Lane Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.

Youth in Action: What Are They Doing?

"I THINK our youth today are energetic, useful, and promising," writes a Kansas schoolteacher. "I never cease to be amazed by those I know. In just about any facet of life they have an interest, and a reason."

She could have been referring to the Wesley Foundation work team from Berkeley, Calif., helping Bolivians build a road, or to the small boy and his brother who are welcoming foreign students from Macalester College to their home in St. Paul, Minn.

Never before have young people had so many opportunities for travel, for meeting persons different from themselves, for service. For many of them, that's where the *real* action is. —*Herman B. Teeter*

—Stuart Pettygrove, Berkeley, Calif.

—Rohn Eng, Star Prairie, Wis.

SEVENTEEN DAYS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

MOSCOW, August 5, 8:15 p.m.: *"We saw a rainbow across the sky as we landed in Moscow, and we felt that it was something of a symbol concerning our visit; it helped dispel our fears and made us realize that we were in God's hands."* So wrote one of 35 Alabama young people embarking on a 17-day People-to-People Goodwill Tour behind the Iron Curtain last summer. The high-school seniors and college students—all of them leaders in MYF or other Methodist youth work—were making the trip to learn about life and religion behind the Iron Curtain, and to witness to their Christian faith through personal contact with people in other lands. The tour was led by North Alabama Conference lay leader Jesse Culp, assisted by Miss Nina Reeves, conference youth director. Five other adults, including a doctor, also chaperoned the group. Funds for the $1,600-a-person trip came from countless congregations and MYF groups, as well as out of the participants' own pockets. No college credit was given for the trip, although each student participant was required to do extensive study beforehand. The following excerpts from their diaries indicate that what they learned behind the Iron Curtain was well worth the bake sales, car washes, and hoarding of allowances that made their trip possible.

MOSCOW, August 6-8. *Attend church. Tour the city. Visit the Kremlin, Lenin Mausoleum, GUM Department Store, Moscow State University.*

AT THE Moscow Baptist Church I noticed a pretty young girl because her blue sweater stood out from the dark clothing the old people wore. She kept looking up at our group as if she were amazed to see so many young people in church . . .

In the evening some members of the Baptist church came to our hotel. We spoke about Viet Nam; they were sympathetic about the dilemma of a Christian living in America and not totally believing in the war. I told them most Americans *do* support that war. They had believed otherwise.

I asked if it were hard to be a Christian in this land. They said there was little persecution, but there was ridicule, humiliation, and slow, relentless pressure against them. They said things are better now than they have been. I asked if they could still love those who treated them this way.

Later, when no other Russians were around, one girl hurriedly asked me to tell people in America a story. Her father, a minister, had been arrested for his beliefs and put into prison. His health broke down while he was there because of ill treatment. He was released, and after some time died in her apartment. She said he held to his beliefs, but also managed to love those who mistreated him. She said it was hard, but she also loved those who mistreated her father and her. She remained able to do so because God's love was in her heart. . . .

As we stood in line at Lenin's Tomb we reminded ourselves to be solemn. We did not want to seem disrespectful. As we left the tomb the comments began: "I was ready to get out!" "Did you notice how chilly it was in there?"

I didn't feel that way. As I left one thought kept running through my head: "I'm so glad that we have an empty tomb." It might be good if all Christians could miss a Sunday at church to visit this tomb to know that we do not have a coffin in the middle of our faith, but something greater than men. . . .

In the GUM department store I saw a man pulling a cart of new clothes down a narrow aisle, being pursued by a mob of people. At first I laughed and thought it was a sale such as we have in the U.S. But then I realized the desperate desire of these people to get the goods. They were willing to fight for the merchandise, which turned out to be new men's shirts. From later experiences I learned how scarce they were in the USSR. . . .

We talked to some American students who were studying in Moscow. George Johnson from Oklahoma said he had been in the Soviet Union long enough to realize that there is a lot of good in the communist system. It is economically a good system, offering the people their basic material needs. Another added that the art museums and other cultural things are usually free. They study a lot of art and music and enjoy art exhibits, outdoor concerts, and the like. . . .

On a boat ride in Moscow I talked to two Muscovites, Nick and Gene. I asked if they had ever been to church and Gene said, "Yes, once when I was very small my grandmother took me. It was all old people and all they did was kiss icons. I remember this and will never go again." I asked why they wanted to join the Communist Party, and they both said, "Because I want to go to the University and have a good job. . . ."

Mike Newsom and some others were having difficulty crossing a street. An older Russian man came up and said, "Oh, Amerikanski! O.K.!" and helped them across. A taxi driver said the same thing and wouldn't let them pay the fare. He was only interested in asking them a lot of questions.

On the other hand, Peg ran into a group of Young Pioneers (seven and eight-year-olds) in the Kremlin Museum. When they saw that we were Americans they ran away screaming, "American! American!" and hid behind some adults. They were scared to death of us. . . .

After almost two years of planning, these Alabama young people boarded a plane in Birmingham, took off for New York, London, and points in the Soviet Union and other east European nations. They went to learn how Christians live under communist rule.

The Alabama group attended services at Moscow Baptist Church, the city's only Protestant church (left). In Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, they visited with young Russians in a cafe (above left) and joined with worshipers in a Russian Orthodox church.

LENINGRAD, August 9. *Visit History of Religion Museum, War Memorial Winter Palace, Saint Isaac's Cathedral, and a Young Pioneer Camp.*

THE History of Religion Museum contrasted the facts of science and the "myths" of religion. There was an exhibit on evolution beside a white carved replica of the biblical Garden of Eden. The medical exhibit contrasted a priest offering an icon to heal with a crew of surgeons ready with medicine to heal.

In the space exhibit, we were told, "Some say it is because one prays that one conquers outer space. If so, why were the atheists first? Why weren't the believers first? The Russian cosmonauts found no God out in space. . . ."

As I entered Saint Isaac's Cathedral I was inspired by the beauty of the church. Then I saw the long pendulum hanging from the very center of the dome where the dove of Christ used to be. I was repulsed to think about a house of God being changed into an exhibition hall for a physics experiment. Our guides seemed proud of their government for making it possible now for all people to see the inside of churches, where before only a few people had seen their beauty. . . .

On a Leningrad street we met a schoolteacher. She was disturbed that we were so young and believed in God. She said she used to be a believer, but the Fascists had killed her father during the war solely because he was a Jew. She emphasized that she wasn't a bad woman, she just didn't believe, adding, "When you get older you will understand, and then I think you will know that there is no God." When we asked what she *did* believe in she said, "I believe in my son and in my work. . . ."

KIEV, August 10-13. *Capital of the Ukrainian Republic.*

PETER, who was training to be an Intourist guide, accompanied us on our trips in Kiev. On the boat ride the first day, he told us about his education and the ethical system he knew. He said the church was antiscientific, and he had no interest in it. "After all," he said, "we know that science is true and there just isn't any time to worry about things that, being antiscientific, are obviously false." Later he admitted, "If I could see a church that was all around me and that was getting practical results—yes, I would be interested in that kind of a religion. . . ."

On the way to a Pioneer camp, Andy and I sat in the back of the bus with three Komsomol students. We asked why *Dr. Zhivago* had been banned in their country. They said it wasn't because of the way

it pictured the revolution but rather because it was a poor piece of literature with no cultural value. . . .

The Sunday we were in Kiev most of us went to the Russian Orthodox church. It seemed opposite to ours. Of course we have symbols, too, such as the crosses we carry in our pockets. Yet it impressed us as a funeral for God. People seemed sincere and devoted, but all the buying and selling at the back was very distracting and seemed out of place. We were surprised to see beggars inside the church and outside, too. . . .

TASHKENT, August 14-15. *Capital of the Uzbekistan Republic.*

I TALKED for a few minutes with Barno, a girl who came with our guide in order to practice her English. She asked why there are so many religions in the world if there is only one God. She saw the war in Viet Nam as horribly inhuman and as a direct denial of U.S. pleas for peace. One of her statements was particularly challenging and thought-provoking: "I think it is the natural state of man to love and care for all men. . . ."

After spending 11 days in the Soviet Union and visiting numerous church buildings, some used in religious services and others as state museums, I am firmly convinced that the Soviet government is using its churches to political advantage.

The government teaches that the people have no need for religion, but the closely packed congregations we saw indicate that many Soviet citizens continue to seek the guidance of Christ in their lives.

Government propaganda says that churches are provided for those who wish to attend, but it appears that more would attend if more churches were provided. Also, in reading Soviet propaganda, one does not realize that the worship service is the only church function allowed in the country. Perhaps the state expects the "myth" of religion to die out due to lack of religious education. . . .

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia, August 16. *Tour city, including a visit to the Jewish synagogue. Conference with local Methodist leaders. Special seminar with Mrs. Bartonova of the Department of Health and Medical Care.*

THE differences between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union are surprising. People here seem to have more freedom to express themselves. Religion is freer but restrictions are still a hindrance. We talked with two Methodist boys. They were interested in American culture and morals and knew the subject. . . .

We felt very depressed as we visited the memorial for persecuted Jews and saw the huge, crowded cemetery. How would we feel if we were Jews? . . .

At the hotel a discussion had been arranged between us and some university students. One was a 29-year-old pop singer. As soon as we asked if he was a Marxist he laughed and began telling how much the young people disagree with their government. He viewed Marxism as a beautiful idea for the common, unlearned person, but saw the fallacies as overpowering. He said it destroys individuality and prevents a person from "climbing higher and higher."

When we said we had heard much of the freedom of the church in Czechoslovakia, he said that they were free only in law and that "practice is very different." He said disagreeing with the government, especially with the Soviet Union, might mean imprisonment. A Catholic, he had been questioned once when seen going to church. His father had been put in prison because he was a Christian. . . .

Dr. Jan Urban, Congregational minister, told us, "The main problem for Christians in the future is not communism but secularism . . . Most youths are neither Christian nor Communist, but part of the secularized generation. They are plagued by the demons of sex, fear, war, hopelessness—and all these demons have an international character."

He said a Communist "is a person with whom I disagree ideologically and whom I may even find distasteful, but he is never a person I want to kill." He also said, "We have only two possibilities—to live together or die together. You cannot have peace for your country only, nor can we. We should pray for peace first . . . ."

PRAGUE, MARIANSKE LAZNE, August 18. *Depart by private motorcoach, through the countryside, visiting Lidice, Terezin, or another concentration camp en route to Marianske Lazne.*

THOSE people here in Lidice had *10 minutes* notice—and they had no idea what was about to happen—that their families would be separated through death and persecution. We realized more fully the senselessness and utter anguish of war; it was exemplified by a sculpture of an emaciated man who seemed to be nothing but ribs crying out. . . .

At the Terezin concentration camp we were reminded that the Germans did not invent horror—the old fortress was already there. Everything seemed worse than we expected. The conditions were so crowded that often when a man died he could not even fall to the floor. They died of suffocation and starvation, as well as from physical beatings and torture. We realized that we *must* have peace. . . .

DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, PLAUEN, and BERLIN, East Germany, August 19-22.

IN DRESDEN we saw the ruins that are a visible reminder of what the Allies—*we*—did. In 56 minutes one night, we were told, 35 thousand people were killed by the liquid phosphorous dropped from Allied planes. . . .

At the Reformed church, the pastor said the mission of his church is to stop the thinking that Christianity and capitalism go hand in hand. He said, "Capitalism is the sole cause of two-thirds of the world's hunger." Later he modified this statement. . . .

A great number of young people are dissatisfied with the Marxist doctrine and its answers to life's questions. We asked, "Is there any direct or indirect evangelism on

the part of students?" They replied, "Yes, we have Methodist Youth Week and Ecumenical Evangel Week, when we go out and invite young people from the streets. These are both a little dangerous." They said that a public meeting outside a church would not be possible, but they could send young people out to invite youths to a meeting in the church, or to camp.

A German boy asked if we were free to participate in ecumenical activities. We told him we were definitely free to do so, but that we don't take full advantage of this freedom. He said youth work in East Germany is possible only on an ecumenical basis because youths recognize that all denominations have basically the same beliefs. Now they are working together on the basis of the New Testament. . . .

Dr. Carl Ordnung, secretary of the Christian Democratic Union Party in Plauen, told us there is a definite split in the church. Traditionally the church has been very conservative—very against the government. However, some liberals like himself feel that it is better to co-operate to a degree with the Socialists. In this way they try to effect changes in policy as Christians, and do have some voice in the government.

The people were happier in Plauen than in the other churches that we visited. Christians may hold minor posts of leadership, but no major posts. And personal files are kept on individuals. A doctor said that when he moved from the northern part of Germany, they knew that he was a Christian before he reached Plauen. . . .

There is some limit on Christians in the teaching profession. In the ninth form, students begin having atheism and socialism taught in civics classes. Someone pointed out that before the war religion was taught and there were many atheists, and now atheism is being taught. Those who are left in the church are real Christians; the nominals are gone. . . .

One boy in Plauen seemed to think that all five of his country's political parties are controlled by the Communist Party. He said he could never visit America "because they would not let me. . . ."

At Terezin, Czechoslovakia, the group visited a concentration camp where 52,000 Jews died under nazi persecution during World War II. The camp crematorium (above) was disguised as a church. Other victims tortured here were shipped to Auschwitz and other camps for extermination. In Tashkent, a center of the Soviet Union's Muslim population, the Alabamians saw an ancient copy of the Koran in a library.

Lidice, Terezin, Dresden, Berlin—man's inhumanity to man. These cities are no longer just vague names or places on a map; they have become an unforgettable experience. Here I saw the physical scars and felt the emotional scars of man's grave inhumanity to man. Christ seemed to be saying, "This is my body, broken by you."

The one thing I must say to my church and the people I talk to is that, through this trip, I have found real hope for peace. Through love, I believe mankind can prevent war. But I don't believe this love will be acknowledged as the love of Christ. We as Christians feel and know our love through Christ, but the atheists in the Soviet Union have no Christ. I believe, however, that the love of Christ is working in them whether they acknowledge it or not.

My task as a Christian young person is to promote this love in my country and to foster goodwill in these unchristian countries. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

MANY LETTERS come each month which reveal a big unfinished item of business in our culture. We need better and more realistic preparation of young people for managing their sex interests. Consider this letter:

"I am a boy in college. I was raised a Christian, and am trying to be one. I have always planned to finish college, get a good job, and then raise a family. Now it looks like all my plans are completely ruined, and I have failed even coming close to being a Christian.

"The details are unimportant, but the girl I am planning to marry someday is now going to have a baby. We have talked it over many times. We know if we enter a have-to marriage now I'll never be able to finish college. She is 18 and is still in high school. We have been going together for over three years, and I know that we are in love.

"Only a few of my very close friends know about this. I know I must tell both of our parents very soon. Undoubtedly, you will probably tell me the same thing that my few 'so-called' friends have told me: that I'm just trying to dump the kid so I can have more fun.

"This isn't true. Our relationship is not sex-oriented. If I had a chance to do things over again, I know that they would be different. My main question is this: Is it completely unchristian not to get married? It would ruin everything that we have planned together!"

Young people need a theology of sex. Few realize that the church through the centuries, based on good biblical grounds, considered a couple married if they were having intercourse as an expression of love, having promised themselves each to the other. Whether they had a license or a ring was of secondary importance. We say such a couple is "playing house." Psychologically and spiritually, they are really establishing a home.

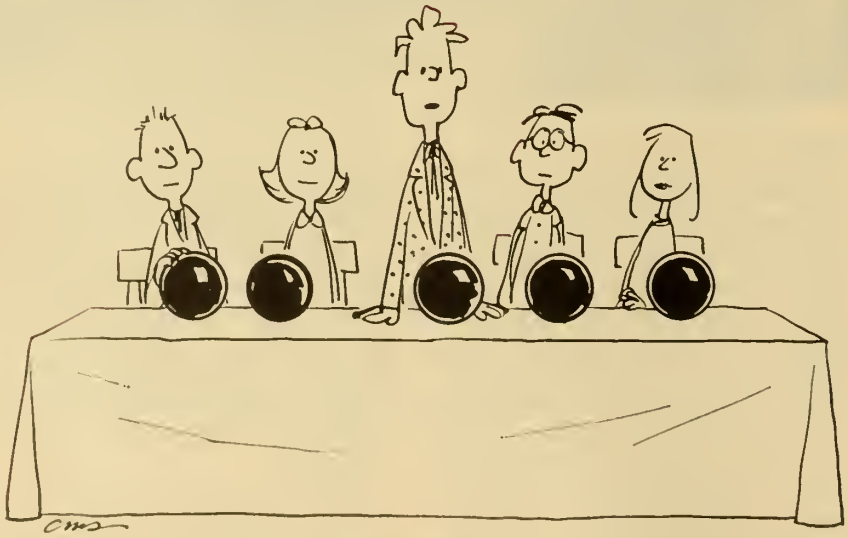
What obligation does such a secret, undeclared marriage carry? Letters come all the time from couples who were living such a relationship until the girl got pregnant. Then suddenly they started wondering what they ever saw in each other. Or they immediately found official marriage completely impractical. What does this say about their level of maturity or sincerity?

There are some things we don't have the chance to do over again. If a couple enters an undeclared marriage, are they justified in making no provisions to prevent a baby's coming, to provide a home for the child if it does come? Young people involved in an out-of-wedlock pregnancy have made *two* decisions, each with its ethical demands. They have decided to have intercourse. Equally serious, they have decided to use no means of birth control.

If they do not know how to keep a baby from coming, how can they claim to be mature enough and wise enough even to *consider* intercourse? If it seems terrible practicing birth control outside marriage, why shouldn't it seem terrible practicing birth *non*-control, which careless intercourse surely involves?

Every advance in modern psychology has shown how vital it is that babies be born into secure and loving homes. Most couples getting married today want to wait a year or two before having their first child. This is very wise, since it gives them time to become relaxed and at home with each other, get some furniture paid for, and some money saved to meet the expenses of the new arrival. When the little one comes, he senses right away that everyone is overjoyed to have him around.

The emotional atmosphere in those first few months of life has a decisive influence on the personality of the growing child. Creating a healthy environment takes maturity, careful planning, patience, and lots of time. That is a major reason why the Christian community asks its young people to wait for marriage before engaging in the act which brings babies into the world.



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Our panel discussion tonight will be on the meaning of the 12th chapter of Revelation after which our entire group will go bowling."

Q.

I will be 14 this month, but my parents treat me as if they never expect me to act like a grown-up. They never let me go any place! I have a smaller brother and sister who always get their way. We have a camping trailer. My girl friend, sister, and I asked to sleep in the trailer overnight. Naturally, the answer was "No"! When 45 minutes later my brother asked to sleep out with his friends, of course my mother let him. Is this fair?—H.N.

Not very. But the old double standard is still strong in your part of the country. Boys are free to roam, but girls stay close to home. You can have lots of fun having your girl friends over for pajama parties and the like, though. As you get older you will probably win greater freedom.

Q.

I have become very interested in missionary work and plan to go to college and give my life in service to God. Could you please tell me where

I can obtain information about missionary work?—J.S.

I am sending you a copy of *Methodist Church-Related Occupations: 1968*. It is written for young people who share these characteristics:

A desire to make some difference in the world.

A dissatisfaction with the way things are.

A questioning of traditional patterns of operation and structure.

A tremendous amount of interest in taking their part in the ministry of reconciliation.

A willingness to run risks and take chances for some greater purpose.

A desire to be involved now!

Q&A

I've really liked this one boy for almost two years. At first he acted like he liked me a lot. He is 13 and I am 13. Now he ignores me, but when I'm at school he always teases me and tries to make me mad. People tell me that he really likes me. I've liked other boys, but I just can't forget about him. Could it be he really does like me? If so, why doesn't he show it like before?—F.G.

He likes you all right. But he's in a spot right now. He is too old to like you the way kids like kids, and too young to like you the way men like women. So he likes you the way 13-year-old boys like 13-year-old girls—in code. Don't make it tough for him by getting too affectionate where any of his friends can see. Just wait a couple of years and see the way he likes you then!

Q&A

I am a girl, 19. Three weeks ago my boyfriend left for Vietnam. We had relations the night before he left, and now I think I am going to have a baby. If my parents knew, it would just kill them. I ask God to forgive me, and I no longer want to live. Please help me.—J.A.

Please tell your mother about it. She is not nearly as fragile as you think, and a lot wiser than you imagine. Don't forget, she is a *woman*, and women since time immemorial have known the deep, sometimes almost overwhelming longings which caused you to lose your head. Women have stood beside one another through the joy and pain of childbirth, and comforted one another in the lonely times when their men went to far-off places. Give her a chance to go with you through this crisis.

Q&A

I am a boy, president of my junior class, a B student, and very active in athletics and in the church. I love this girl, but her folks won't let me call her or have a date with her. My parents are divorced and I live with my father. He owns several businesses. Her folks don't believe in divorce, and because my family is divorced and we live in the wealthy part of town, they won't let me see her. What can we do?—C.M.

It seems unfair to me that they would reject you because your parents happen to be divorced and wealthy. But they have the right to decide. You can see your girl at school, dance with her at school dances, and make sure she goes along when the crowd goes out for Cokes after games and the like. Dating will have to wait until after graduation, unless something happens to change her folks' minds.

Q&A

I am a girl, 13, and very flat. My mother says, "Don't worry, your time will come!" But my brothers and sisters are constantly tormenting me. I come from an area where most girls develop early. Even when I was 11 or 12 my brothers and sisters were asking me, "Next year, will you look like so-and-so?" What can I do about it, Dr. White?—M.S.

You should know that it is normal for teen-agers to exaggerate the importance of bodily development. Worrying about the body is just a symbolic way of worrying about one's ability to do well in adult life. Your mother is wise, as most mothers are. Your time will come. Meanwhile, ask her to lay down the law to your brothers and sisters. They only torment you because they are secretly worried about themselves.

Q&A

I am a girl, 12, one of twins. We have nine other children, including triplets. My problem is I am not sure whether I am adopted. My parents will show all the baby pictures except mine. They say they can't find them, or they are too busy. Now that I am older I think they should tell me the truth. Don't you?—T.T.

I think parents should always tell the truth about such things. Young people can live with the truth a lot better than they can with the spooky feeling that some dark secret lurks in their past and everybody is afraid to mention it. What's wrong with being adopted? The adopted child has the satisfaction of knowing his parents picked him out special. In your case you may already have the truth. With 10 children maybe your parents are just too busy to think about getting baby pictures of everybody.

Q&A

I am a boy, age 15. Since I was in sixth grade I have undergone a change which I cannot understand. I have become very unhappy, and as a result my grades in school have gone down terribly, and my belief in God has been slipping. I don't want to be unhappy all my life, so can you possibly tell me what the root of the problem is, so I can solve it?—F.N.

You may be suffering from a fairly typical adolescent depression. For some young people this roots in the confusion of the complicated new social demands placed upon them. The chemical and physical changes of puberty don't make things any easier. Vivid new sexual urgencies can make you feel guilty and afraid. Depression comes when you start thinking you haven't got the stuff it takes to make it in the world of adolescence, and start hating yourself for it. Long talks with a trusted friend or counselor can help a lot. If it gets worse, you and your family should talk with a psychiatrist.

Q&A

I am 17 and last weekend I decided to try smoking. When I first bought cigarettes, I took off by myself to try them. I half expected to fall over coughing and give the whole thing up after the first puff. Unfortunately, much to my dismay, I liked it! And now I don't know what to do about stopping. I want to become a minister, but here I am smoking and enjoying it. I don't want to tell my parents, because it will break their hearts. I don't want to go to my minister, because I'm

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Does God have a word for us each day? Many Christians, including the much-revered Dietrich Bonhoeffer, have thought so. He quoted Acts 6:4, where we read that the disciples pledged themselves to prayer and "the ministry of the word." "I offend my office," Bonhoeffer wrote, "if I do not look for the word that my Lord would say to me on that day." John Wesley picked his daily texts at random, but he knew his Bible so well and depended on it so completely that he could find some application in every Scripture. God's message was in Wesley's own dedication.

Does The United Methodist Church include all Methodists? Not by several million!

The list of "outside" Methodists in the United States includes such sizable groups as the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and the Free Methodist Church. There are a dozen or more small groups like the Wesleyans, the Primitives, the Congregational Methodists and the Southern Methodists. Through the years the Methodist movement has included the Methodist Unitarians, Quaker Methodists, Tectotal Methodists, Tent Methodists, and Church Methodists.

Many countries have autonomous Methodist churches (Mexico, Brazil, South Africa, New Zealand, to name only a few) and these are independent of United Methodism.

The Methodist bodies of the world number 18,824,352 members and 43,181,267 constituents.

Is a college chaplain different from a college pastor? Yes; the chaplain works within the school and is related to its structure, while the pastor works outside and is related to the denomination or, in some cases, more than one denomination.

They are both involved in the campus ministry, with a distinctive mission and a single mandate. As Phillip E. Hammond puts it in *The Campus Clergyman* (Basic Books, $5.95), "Each identifies the clientele (the university community), the message to be imparted (the Gospel), and the desired outcome (the community's commitment, leading to Christian fellowship)."

T. Otto Nall, long-time editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and former head of the Minnesota Area, now is episcopal leader of the Hong Kong-Taiwan Area of The United Methodist Church. Address questions in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—EDITORS

afraid it would ruin his image of me. I don't want to go to God because I don't really want to stop. What can I do?—J.W.

The key is in your last sentence. You must decide, clearly and definitely, who you are and what you *will* do—then pay the price. If you decide to continue smoking, the price will be tobacco addiction, risk to health, and perhaps some vocational embarrassment. If you decide to quit, the price will be loss of a pleasant drug effect, and giving up the intoxicating feeling of participating in an adult ritual.

Since you are not yet chemically hooked, you must be brainwashed by the ads associating smoking with all things beautiful, lively, and sexy. Fortunately, young people are beginning to see through Madison Avenue phoniness.

Q&A

I'm a girl, 14. I'm having some problems in school. A bunch of boys and a few girls are calling me dirty names, like "skunk" and "nigger." I must admit I am dark-complexioned and have black hair, and I'm not very cute. Most of the kids belong to a United Methodist church and the youth fellowship which I attend regularly. Do you call these kids true Christians? Please help or I'll fail in school. What should I do?—J.S.

Your town sounds more like *Lord of the Flies* than a Christian community. Don't try to bear this burden alone. Find an understanding adult—your minister, youth counselor, or a teacher. Meet for a half-hour or so each week and talk about your feelings of grief, rejection, and anger in this situation. After a few talks, see if the adult can draw in three or four of the more reasonable kids to talk it over with you. Let them help run interference for you. If they offer suggestions on ways to improve your grooming or social style, listen and learn. You may not be too cute, but you are one of God's daughters, and therefore beautiful inside. With a little help, you will learn how to make that beauty show.

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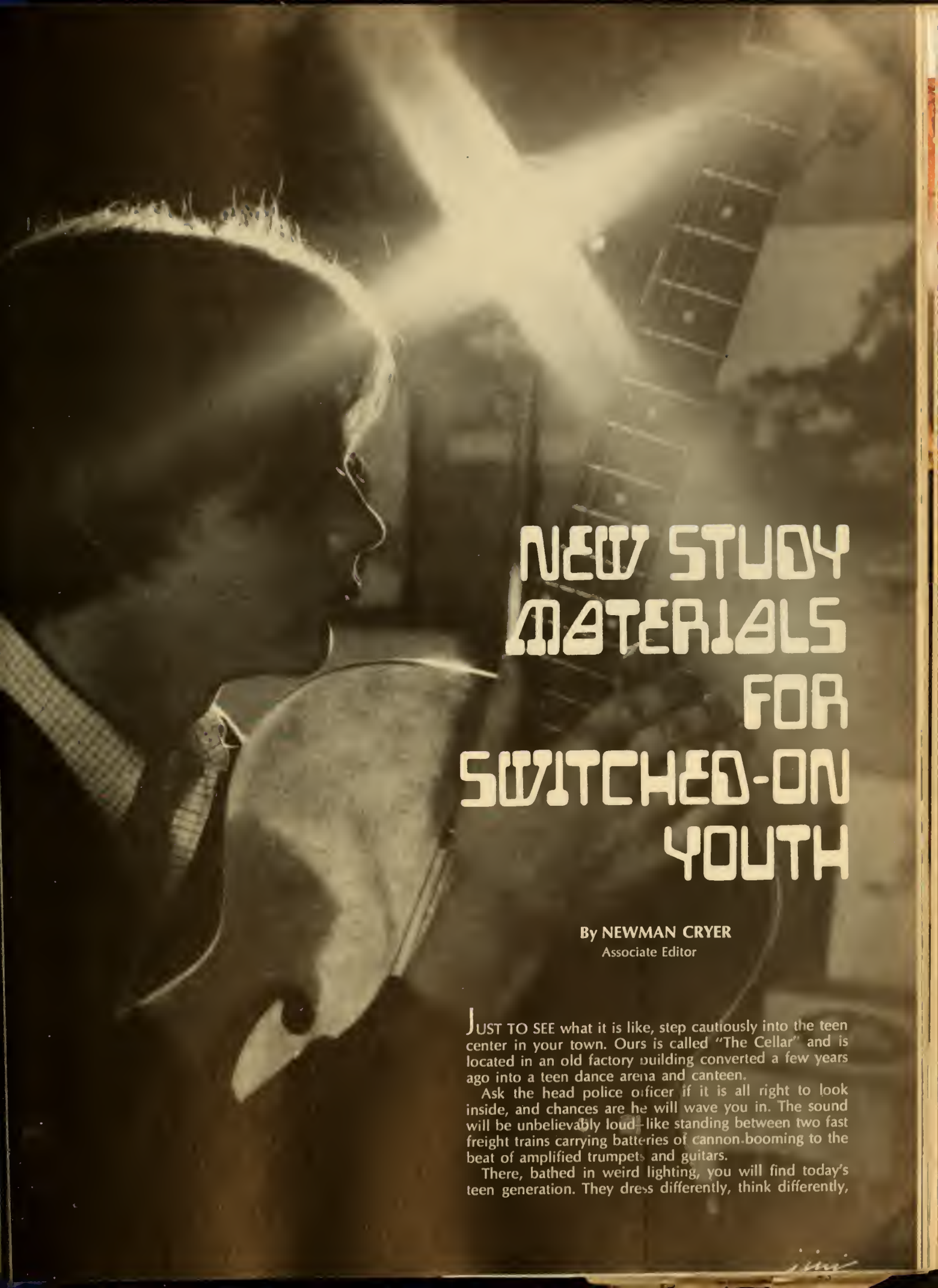
Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. *Write to him c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.*—EDITORS



NEW STUDY MATERIALS FOR SWITCHED-ON YOUTH

By NEWMAN CRYER
Associate Editor

JUST TO SEE what it is like, step cautiously into the teen center in your town. Ours is called "The Cellar" and is located in an old factory building converted a few years ago into a teen dance arena and canteen.

Ask the head police officer if it is all right to look inside, and chances are he will wave you in. The sound will be unbelievably loud—like standing between two fast freight trains carrying batteries of cannon booming to the beat of amplified trumpets and guitars.

There, bathed in weird lighting, you will find today's teen generation. They dress differently, think differently,

have a style different from any previous generation. Altogether they are around 19 million strong.

This is the group The United Methodist Church is trying to reach with an all-new series of action study resources keyed to the style of today's youth. On the first Sunday in September, young people in the 12-to-18 age range will be using these new study resources for the first time. They are part of a completely revamped plan for youth Christian education.

The materials were prepared in Nashville by the Editorial Division of the former Methodist Board of Education and published by The Methodist Publishing House. But Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren worked together in planning them for more than two years prior to the official Methodist-EUB union last April.

Why is a new youth curriculum needed? Miss Rowena Ferguson, who heads the staff of 10 editors who developed the 25 magazines and books in the resources arsenal, says:

"There had not been a major revision since 1952. Today we live in a very different world. The young people themselves are different, and the kinds of educational experiences available to them are much different. Our modes of communication are more accessible. So the time had come to do it."

The new United Methodist materials for youths round out a complete curriculum package for every age group. New materials for children were introduced in 1964, and last year a completely revised set of adult resources were released.

Another question about the new youth materials is whether they can be one important means of reaching a significant portion of today's young people. If reflecting the pace and style of today's world will help, there is a good chance they will be. The accent is on modern design, with photos and art mirroring youths' variety of moods, from joyous celebration to thoughtful decision-making.

Texts and study courses will take a variety of forms, including interpretive reports, dialogues, and fact pieces that are intended to invite study and discussion.

But the new emphasis will be more on people than on materials. The resources will deal with issues and ideas that youths want to talk about—sex and dating, rule-keeping, problems with parents, fun and folk rock, sports, cars, movies, politics—all treated in ways that young persons, who were consulted in the process of the curriculum revamping, thought would appeal to them.

Word came to the editors, through curriculum workshops and listening posts in all regions of the country:

"Make the materials contemporary. Don't make them look like Sunday-school books."

"Stay away from traditional 'God talk' as much as you can."

"We want solid material, but not like we get in school."

The new resources present a lot of information about life, its editors say, but avoid dogmatic conclusions that must be accepted.

Young people will be encouraged to establish their own goals and arrive at their own conclusions freely, using as guidelines the Bible and the Christian heritage.

The new materials will encourage youths to ask questions about such matters as marriage, adult ceremonies, the draft, freedom, careers and jobs, money, and loneliness. One basic goal is to help each student find meaning in life through the discovery of his own self-identity.

The new study tools will bring to bear the best knowledge of the Bible, as well as theology, psychology, and other social sciences, but presented in the contemporary language that youths understand and use every day. A *Christian Word Book* will serve as a kind of dictionary for today's youths, interpreting traditional beliefs and symbols that are part of the church's heritage.

The new resources will provide more flexibility of study settings than the old ones did. They will be produced for use in three basic types of settings: (1) regular weekly classes, (2) weekend sessions, such as retreats, and (3) schools of religion, once or twice a year, for both junior and senior-high students.

For the weekly classes, materials will include a publication for the students, a guide for teachers or leaders, and a resources kit with art, photos, filmslips, and three-dimensional models.

For weekend study, *Week End Pacs* will keep students busy for 48 hours in creative ways, making use of many of today's varied media. School of religion materials will consist of a new series of colorfully illustrated paperback books, graded for early or late teens.

For occasional settings, the new materials provide for such events as responding to life through improvisation with instrumental and vocal music. Or a group might listen to a play reading, then explore the meaning of this play in terms of what it says about life, our times, faith, the human condition.

A semiannual publication in large format for senior highs, called *Commonlife,* will present concrete issues and concerns, such as "How can I deal with loneliness?" "What's wrong with using LSD?" and "How can I know what is right when different churches take differing stands on issues like drinking?"

Commonlife Bulletins issued twice each quarter, will deal with unexpected topics that arise on the news fronts while they are still timely.

All the new resources will be introduced in September except the paperback books. These will not be ready for distribution until 1969. Eventually, materials will be published for special groups such as those from broken homes, dropouts, those culturally or economically deprived, and those growing up with only one parent.

The new curriculum plan for youths recommends 100 hours of study each year. But the editors say the materials are designed so that they can be used, if necessary, on the basis of one-hour study periods each week.

At any rate, high-school-age youths of The United Methodist Church will have plenty of tools to work with if they want solid guidelines for dealing with life's real issues in the context of a Christian faith. After all, say the editors, this is the least of the demands on all of us in these fast-moving times. □

OUTPOST OF RECONCILIATION

In their third year in Chicago, members of a men's order from Taize, in rural France, lead discussions with city dwellers and suburbanites. They work in neighborhoods of affluence and poverty.

Text by **Newman Cryer** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

MOMENTS after I pushed the doorbell button at a shabby apartment house near Chicago's most glittering nightclub district, the lock clicked and Brother Frank opened the door beaming a warm welcome.

"Won't you come in out of the cold?" he invited in perfect English accented with the measured enunciation of a European.

For more than a year I had been hearing about members of the Protestant brotherhood in France who had come to the Midwest to set up a temporary outpost.

When they first arrived in Chicago, in the fall of 1966, they established an interfaith community in a South-Side black ghetto. Last summer they moved to their present location on the near North Side. Its people are a conglomerate of young marrieds, elderly pensioners, and night people without roots. Just across one street is a Negro-Puerto Rican enclave in buildings bearing the typical marks of dilapidation. Only an easy stroll away are some of the city's newest and finest high-rise apartments, the Playboy Club, and the Moody Bible Institute headquarters.

"Would you like to put your things in our guest room now?" Brother Frank asked. "It is just a

An old Chicago row house is home base for seven brothers of Taizé and three Franciscan monks.

Taizé is self-supporting. Brother Jean-Paul works with volunteers at Friendship House (left) in a black ghetto community center. Brother Pascal (right) programs computers at a management consulting firm.

half block away." We hurried through a five-degree February cold spell, across a wide street to the ghetto side.

Brother Frank tried the key, but it didn't want to work. Suddenly, the door was pushed open from the inside and a woman drawled a "Howdy" with an Appalachian twang. Then an old man with a cane hobbled out. Going up four flights in the rickety elevator, we heard snatches of conversation in Spanish.

The guest room was really a two-room apartment. There Brother Frank introduced me to a lean blond youth with earnest but friendly blue eyes. "This is Brother Johan. He sleeps here and keeps the apartment. We have frequent visitors." So began my visit to the Taizé Community in Chicago.

Within 15 minutes Brother Frank and I were back in the dining room of the Taizé Community's house, talking over cups of hot coffee while Brother Philippe prepared a lunch of bread, butter, cheese, sliced meat loaf, and fruit.

Brother Frank began to explain about the six brothers and one young layman from France who had come 4,300 miles from their monastic-type home to be joined by three Roman Catholic Franciscan monks in a self-supporting brotherhood in the heart of an American city.

Home base for the Protestant brothers is an old chateau in the tiny rural village of Taizé (pronounced *Teh*-zay) in east-central France. There about 70 men live a common life of shared property, celibacy, and acceptance of the authority of the order. [See *The Brothers of Taizé,* March, 1965, page 34.]

They welcome into their 20-year-old brotherhood any man from any Protestant denomination who, by entering the community (a lifetime commitment), does not cut himself off from his own church. So far no brother has come from the Roman Catholic or Orthodox churches, although both have set up small communities of their own in Taizé.

The three Franciscans who live at the house in Chicago have full permission from the head of their order to spend one year in the brotherhood. They are not permitted to share with others in the elements of the Catholic Mass or the Protestant Eucharist, but otherwise they do everything in common.

The presence of the Brothers of Taizé in Chicago is an expression of their special approach to Christian life. Theirs is an interfaith and interracial community. They have no social program. If you ask what they do, their first answer is simply, "We live here."

Their impact on the city is made through small, daily encounters with people they meet at work or on the street in the course of their varied occupations, plus contacts with visitors who come to the house.

Brother Frank, whose title in French is *"le responsable,"* is the brother in charge. They talk things over together each morning before breakfast, at other meals, or on Wednesday evenings during their "family" night together. As head of the group, Brother Frank leads in reaching consensus on various matters that come up.

"Our purpose is to live together the life of brotherly love, share everything we have, come together every day for common prayer, be faithful to the doctrine of the apostles and to the breaking of the bread, and to live the joy, simplicity, mercy of the Gospel according to the Beatitudes," he says.

But life in the brotherhood is no escape from the world. On the contrary, members see it as their challenge to become an extension of their community into everyday life. Small groups are living temporarily in Brazil, Ivory Coast, Rwanda, and the Niger Republic as well as in Chicago.

Taizé is self-supporting wherever the brothers go. Some work at various jobs to support the group while others study for specialized tasks or do volunteer work. These monks make themselves a part of the neighborhood wherever they are. They are highly mobile and flexible, and free to move wherever they feel they can make their best witness as Christians.

Brother Pascal, for example, is a research assistant in computer programming with a large management consulting firm. Traveling to and from work with his briefcase and his dark suit, he looks like other young business executives. But he sees his work as a way of fulfilling his Christian vocation.

"My presence here is a kind of experiment," he told me in his office. "I feel the tension between life in our community and the world of computers. But it is creative tension. There is an element of mystery about the Christian presence, so I have difficulty even articulating it. But I can feel it."

Brother Jean-Paul works five days a week at Friendship House, an interracial center in the hub of Chicago's largest Negro ghetto. Today a small white staff carries on in a sea of dark faces, amid rising racial tensions.

"I feel that my vocation is being available to the people who live here," Brother Jean-Paul told me. "Coming here day after day, I can begin to understand how black people feel, how they are trapped in a ghetto culture, how they are frustrated and discouraged."

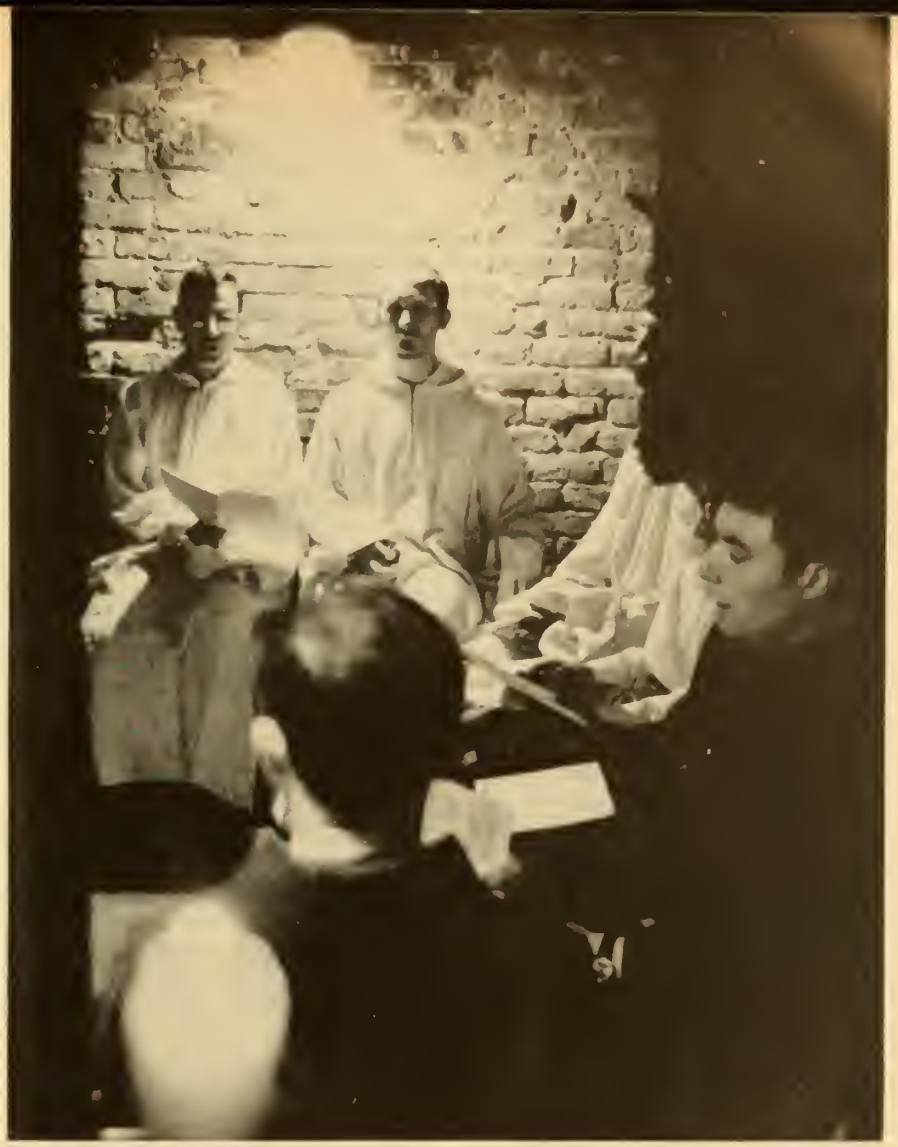
Brother Paul, one of the Franciscans, works afternoons in the Vanguard Bookstore ministry, organized last winter on Chicago's near North Side by a group of seven ministers who take turns minding the store. It is a place where anyone can come in off the street to browse or sit and talk over coffee, which is brewed continuously from noon until 3 or 4 a.m.

Brother Paul sees his work as a listening ministry. He has the chance to listen to motorcycle riders, young divorcées, members of rock groups, and LSD users coming off a bad "trip."

One hippie he met who attended worship in the chapel at the Taizé house said he thought it was "very mystical." Later he baked a cake for the brothers.

Brother Mel is on a 10-man maintenance crew in a big downtown bank building. He is known by his associates as "John," and only his supervisor and a few personnel higher-ups are aware that he is a Franciscan friar.

Patrick, the young layman from France, spent several months helping VISTA workers organize a food-buying club among poor families in a nearby Catholic parish.



Prayers are said three times each day in a basement chapel at Taizé house, and Holy Communion is celebrated every week.

Brother Earl is doing graduate work at a Chicago seminary, while Brother Philippe has worked part time as a short-order cook in the neighborhood.

Their diverse occupations keep the brothers in touch with the real world of work and human relationships. Around their dinner table, when all have come in from daily occupations and have said their evening prayers, they talk about happenings of the day, people they have met, news they have heard.

Chores around the house are shared. Brother Jacques, who studies a great deal and speaks frequently to groups, does the laundry. Everyone pitches in to do dishes and clean up after meals, taking turns at the sink. And Saturday is housecleaning time.

There is a rhythm to life in the house that you feel even during a short visit. The brothers go out to work and come in for worship and fellowship. They have rhythm of work and worship. Like a family, they entertain visitors and spend time alone. Each brother has his own room whose sanctity is respected by the others. It is a place of escape from the tensions of crowded living in a great city.

Prayers are said three times a day in a worshipful chapel the brothers made in the basement of their simple but orderly house. The service includes readings from the Bible and time for silent meditation. Visitors are welcome at most services, and the New Testament is their basic resource.

Sometimes visitors pop in unexpectedly, like 10-year-old Kalvin, who likes the hot chocolate Patrick often fixes for him.

In a small third-floor room, the

brothers occasionally watch television or read books from their small library. Or they listen to records on a portable stereo phonograph. Their collection includes some excellent organ music recorded by one of their brothers in the Church of Reconciliation in Taizé. He will be in the U.S. this year for a series of concerts.

Trying to reconcile, in the name of Christ, people of all classes, religions, and races is the way of life for the brothers. "We try to discover the image of Christ in people," Brother Frank says.

Groups come for discussion sessions led by one of the brothers: students from various denominations, Catholic high-school girls and their teachers, wives of the staff ministers at Chicago's Urban Training Center, young married couples.

Individuals come to talk about matters of mutual concern: a theological student active in the draft-resisters movement, a Maryknoll missionary priest on furlough from Africa, the leader of a Swedish Lutheran brotherhood.

The brothers also go out frequently to speak on college campuses, at theological schools, and in churches. They led the initial meeting of a group of Catholic priests and Protestant ministers from the city's northwest suburbs in what some hope will become a regular dialogue group.

The brothers, in such instances, act as a catalyst or provide neutral meeting ground for conversations between diverse groups which have had little or no contact before.

"Every move toward the future has to be a move in the direction of unity of the church," Brother Frank says. "Before a person thinks of himself as a Methodist or a Presbyterian, he should inquire what it means to be a Christian."

They feel that their celibate life is a response to the calling of Christ. "We accept celibacy not for itself, and not as a virtue, but because we feel that we would be disobedient to God if we lived in a different way," Brother Frank says.

"We always take as our reference point," he explains, "the first community of Christians in Jerusalem. We try to live like the first apostles, sharing what we are and what we have in gladness and joy. We seek to be obedient and let God do what he will with our lives."

The Franciscans came to live with the Brothers of Taizé because of their desire for the associations of a smaller group than they find in most monasteries of the Roman Catholic orders. They also want the ecumenical experience of living with people of other denominations.

Although there is much interest in Taizé among Roman Catholic monastic orders, not all agree with their approach. Father Sigmund Dragastin, a Franciscan sociologist who visited their house many times during their first year in Chicago, feels that the ecumenical community does not offer the best model for Christian mission in the 20th century.

The brothers' style of community, he has written, "is not well adapted to the needs of Christian mission in our time." He adds: "The brothers are ill-equipped to tackle the problems of the ghetto or to engage in political activity even at the community-organization level. They opted simply to be good neighbors."

But the Rev. Bede Graham, of the Trappist abbey at Dubuque, Iowa, on visiting the Taizé Community in Chicago, wrote, "I think the Brothers of Taizé are a very important first attempt to reexpress monasticism in this [urban] situation of modern man."

In response to such critiques, Brother Frank says, "We do not seek to measure our influence or to see what we have accomplished. Our thinking is on a different level.

"We constantly try to see how far away we are from being the seed that has to fall in the earth and die in order to make it possible for God to create the fruits that may come of our efforts," he said, referring to the New Testament analogy.

"We must be looked at on our own terms. We have no pretensions about what we are. We ask only that people give us the freedom to live our calling as we understand it. We do not presume to judge the ways others fulfill their Christian calling; neither do we attempt to be a model for everyone."

The Brothers of Taizé expect to stay one more year in Chicago. There may be some new faces, following the return of some to France this summer to report on their year, but their way of life will continue.

It is difficult to measure their impact on an American city, and they do not attempt it themselves. As an outsider who has knelt with them in prayer, shared the hospitality of their table, and watched them in their varied daily work, I can say that Chicago is a better place because they are here. □

Kalvin, a neighborhood boy, visits often with Brother Frank who is leader of the house.

A Stranger Meets Love

Would he be welcomed in a strange town, a new church?

By WILLIAM L. LINDSEY

IT WAS A clear, cool fall evening in September, 1960, and I was driving west toward Gettysburg, S.Dak. This was my first trip to the "land of infinite variety." I wondered what type of people lived there. Was there a Methodist church? How would the congregation welcome such a stranger as I?

At last, the town loomed in the distance. Spotting a drive-in food stand, I turned off the highway. While I ate, I noticed people in nearby cars staring at me. Then I drove on to my final destination, an Air Force radar station a few miles away.

During the next week I questioned some of my co-workers about the town and its people, but their noncommittal shrugs told me that I would have to see for myself. So, Sunday morning, I set out to attend church. It was a little past eleven o'clock when I arrived there, and the choir was singing the processional. Peering in the door, I saw that the church was full. I reached for the doorknob, started to turn it—and stopped.

Suppose the door creaked? Every head would turn around to focus on me. So, slowly, I withdrew my hand, turned around, and went down the steps.

The following Sunday I was at the church 10 minutes before the services were to begin. I took a deep breath, squared my shoulders, entered, and sat down in the first seat available.

"I beg your pardon."

I nearly jumped out of the seat. Then a soft voice said, "I just want to welcome you to our church." I looked into friendly eyes and found myself smiling.

"Thank you," I said, and felt my breath leave me in one big whoosh.

After the service, I was practically mobbed by the people, introducing themselves and making me feel at home. The pastor invited me to stay for the church supper, but I declined, thinking a stranger would be out of place among the members. He persisted, saying it was especially for new people, to help them feel that they were not considered as strangers but as fellow Christians. This really struck home, so I stayed for the supper—and enjoyed myself very much.

No longer feeling like a stranger, I found myself with more invitations and things to do than I had time for. I joined the choir, had my church membership transferred, was accepted, became a church-school teacher, a member of the Methodist Men, and met a legion of wonderful Christian people.

One of my more memorable experiences occurred at the annual election of Methodist Men officers. The outgoing president called for nominations. Someone promptly nominated him and I seconded it. I could not believe my ears when I heard a familiar name. Everyone was looking at me.

"Well, how about it, Bill?" the president asked. "Will you accept the nomination?" I just sat there with my mouth wide open and nothing coming out.

Finally I managed to croak, "Who, me?" and I heard the pastor say, "Thank goodness! I thought for a moment he had swallowed his tongue!" Everyone laughed.

I stood up to protest that I was not qualified, had not been in the

organization long enough, and so on, but to no avail. In a small voice, I accepted the nomination and was elected unanimously. I had arrived a total stranger and, in less than six months, my fellow Christians had made me feel as though I had been there for years.

We worked hard during the next year, but it was fun. One of the first Methodist Men projects was a community-wide auction to raise funds for a Community Nursing Home for the Aged. We called on people for items, held committee meetings, provided transportation for pickup of items, advertised, and attended to a thousand and one other details.

The night before the event it poured buckets. I was heartsick. But the morning dawned bright. People came from all over the county to see what we had to offer—which included everything from pickle jars to tractors. All through the day and into the late evening we worked, until the last item had been auctioned off.

I had thought about $500 would be a nice, round figure. So I was astounded when told that we had raised more than $1,300.

Later, driving home, I thought of the many willing hands, hearts, backs, and pocketbooks which had made the auction a success. I had seen America in action; Americans putting their all into a project which would benefit everyone in the community. The fact that I had a small share in it made me feel very good inside.

Another project we sponsored which gave me many happy memories was a mother-daughter banquet in the church basement. Once again I enjoyed the cabinet meetings, the co-ordination for publicity, food arrangements, lining up waiters, and myriad other details.

We had estimated that the church would hold 150 people, and the tables that night were crowded. After the meal, I walked with halting steps to the center of the floor, took a deep breath, and started the program.

High-school boys and girls played and sang. There even was a duet by the pastor and an ex-stranger named Bill, after which I introduced the kitchen crew—men who had astonished the ladies with their cooking. I also introduced the waiters—airmen from the radar station who made a tremendous impression on our guests.

Shortly after that I received notice that I would be transferred. I dreaded the coming separation, for I had come to love these people with hearts as great as the wide open spaces—these people who welcomed me so openly, and warmly.

They even wanted to give me a send-off. On the night of the scheduled event, I found myself walking with heavy heart down the steps to the church basement. I did my best to be cheerful while we played games and paused for refreshments. But then I began to think of slipping away unnoticed, for I had dreaded what was next on the program. Before I tried, a fellow church-school teacher rapped on a small table for silence. Then he spoke:

"My friends, all of us know why we are here tonight. We are here to bring to trial one who has openly and callously deserted his post during a time of great need. This court will now come to order, and the case of the Methodist Men *versus* Bill Lindsey will begin."

The words were spoken with such gravity that for a moment I thought I really was in a courtroom. I was directed to take a seat with my counsel (the pastor) and be judged. In short order, I was tried and found guilty of the crime.

I could not look at any of them, nor reply to any of their questions. My counsel said I was the poorest defendant he had ever tried to get acquitted.

With that, the judge turned to me and asked me to stand.

When I did, he handed me a beautiful leather wallet. Inside was a check for a million mellow memories payable to me from all my friends, and each of them had signed it.

I could feel my emotion flooding over, and my throat constricted with the effort of trying to hold it back. All I could think was how crazy and wonderful they were.

Their names will blaze in my memory like a shining star for the rest of my life—names such as Stucke, Fransen, Hembd, Brekke, Scheller, Frankhauser, Glodt, Myers, Hinckley, Sloat, LaRosh, Rasmussen, Collins, Hutchinson, Larson, Moorehead, Haag, Pederson, Stilegebouer, Curl, Strickland, Schroyer, Hansen, Vavra, Thelin, Nauman, and Anderson.

You may be wondering why I have put this very ordinary story of human relations in writing. This stranger who met love, this man who had never been so warmly welcomed in his 18 years of traveling, this human being who had seen the face of Christian love and will never forget it—is a Negro. There you have it, an unforgettable experience of Christian love. Gettysburg, my heart salutes you. □

Transformation

A reed may seem a wretched thing
to which no loveliness could cling . . .
till dew and sunlight meet, embrace
upon the sallow bark;
then rainbows mark
their trysting place.

A man may seem a hollow stalk
(that somehow won the power to walk) . . .
till kind words come and cut the thin
dead shell, lay bare the sheen,
the pulsing green
of life within.

—June E. Foye

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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

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Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

"THE LENGTH is abominable," says Gunnar Myrdal of *Asian Drama: An Inquiry Into the Poverty of Nations* (Twentieth Century Fund, 3 volumes cloth, $25; Pantheon, 3 volumes paper, $8.50).

The Swedish economist intended to write a general book on conditions in south Asia, the prospects for development there, and the main policy alternatives facing the national governments.

But that was at the beginning of research that was to take a decade and required the abandonment of many of the concepts and theories commonly used in analyzing the problems of underdeveloped countries.

For instance, it is a mistake to emphasize the importance of creating job opportunities in south Asia, says Prof. Myrdal. This Western approach simply will not work because many people in south Asia either do not want to work or, because of ignorance, ill health, or geographic or functional immobility, cannot work. Thus, the problem there is not so much creating new opportunities as getting the people to respond to opportunities that already exist. This is going to mean changing both institutions and attitudes.

The help of Western nations is needed in the form of aid and technical assistance, and the West must open its markets to Asian goods, says Myrdal, but he stresses that it is the Asians themselves who must take the lead in dealing with their most critical problems. These are the population explosion, the shortage of food, and the low productivity of labor.

He blames low agricultural productivity on absentee land ownership, sharecropping, and antiquated attitudes toward manual labor. Conditions could be improved, he suggests, by putting a heavy tax on the income of absentee landowners, a law forbidding the purchase of land by people who are not prepared to cultivate it, and a modest scheme to give small plots of land to the landless. Above all, he says, agricultural planners must give greater attention to social reforms that will make more people want to work, and to work harder.

In spite of its length, *Asian Drama* is a readable, absorbing work, and it is basic to an understanding of what really is happening in a part of the world in which a fourth of the world's people live.

Indians have red skins, and Japanese people have yellow skins. Or do they? Darkskinned people are different from light-skinned people. Or are they? White skin is really white. Or is it?

An outstanding book answers these questions for young people, and some of the answers are surprising, for no subject is more clouded with misinformation and misunderstanding than the subject of color and the human race.

For ***The Color of Man*** (Random House, $3.95), **Robert Cohen** surveyed the findings of biologists on what color is and how it is passed on from one generation to the next; anthropologists' explanations of how color evolved as the human species spread across the earth; and other studies, by historians, sociologists, and psychologists, on color prejudice. His text is factual and interesting. Pictures by **Ken Heyman**, equally as important as the text, are a moving and graphic commentary on the infinite variety and sameness of people everywhere in the world regardless of color.

People of any color may have freckles. But, says Robert Cohen in The Color of Man, *they are more noticeable against the background of a light skin.*

J. Edward Carothers, associate general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Missions, sees the age we are living in as a time when the image of what is possible has caught the mind of the human race. Yet, in ***The Pusher and Puller*** (Abingdon, $4.95), he says man is only at the beginning of value-developing life.

Technology is forcing us to reexamine our value systems and put first things first, he believes, and he sees God, technology, and human values as inextricably bound together: "God is the Pusher in this whole enterprise, and the evolutionary situation of man is being rocked from within by the energies of the Divine surging against man's nature to move it into new enterprises and yet unexplored fields. God is the Puller, inviting man with the enticements of the not yet, the promises of the unrealized, the excitement of the apparently possible."

Concerned first with the all-inclusiveness of God, then with personal and social applications of God as a concept, this is a book that speaks directly to those who believe with Dr. Carothers that: "It takes quite a lot of faith in one's own opinion to conclude that this is an irrational universe."

Most young people are not radicals, dissenters, hippies, dropouts, or protesters, but some young men and women do make youth a separate stage of life, distinct from adolescence and yet not adult. During this time they are absorbed in developing their own personal positions toward the world and are not ready to involve themselves in family or occupation. They may become hippies or radical activists.

Kenneth Keniston, who teaches psychology at Yale Medical School, reports on them as activists in ***Young Radicals*** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95, cloth; $1.95, paper). He made

personality studies of part of the young people opposing the Viet Nam War during June, July, and August, 1967. Most of them, he discovered, came from upper-middle-class homes, had politically liberal, well-educated parents, and attended prestigious colleges or universities.

Most of the hippies Nicholas von Hoffman writes about in *We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against* (Quadrangle, $5.95) came from this same kind of background. Prosperity makes it possible for more young people to live a leisured life, Von Hoffman says. His picture of the disoriented, dope-dominated life of the hippy scene is as nightmarish as it is powerful, but in it we are able to discover some of the reasons the young fight against claiming the world as their own.

The Gap (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) refers to the generation gap. Twenty-year-old **Richard Lorber** and his uncle, **Ernest Fladell**, spent last summer together and earnestly tried to bridge the years between them. Their joint diary of what it was like for each of them to have a foot in the other's world is fresh, honest, and enlightening for people under and over 30.

Some books on speed reading make me feel like the one-horse shay watching a satellite. So I have scanned pages with the speed of light, using recommended patterns of eye movements and grasping at key words as my eyes rushed by. I did read faster during these frantic exercises; I even comprehended what I had read. But I ended up feeling invariably that I had cheated myself and the author.

A Key to Better Reading (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) does not lead to that kind of exercise in virtuosity. **Paul D. Leedy**, a pioneer in the field of adult reading, knows very well that speed alone can be meaningless haste, and even when you combine speed with comprehension you will not be reading well if you do not have insight and critical evaluation.

When you understand the structure of a story, an article, a book, or the contents of a newspaper or newsletter, then you can find out very quickly what the writer is trying to tell you. And so Dr. Leedy, an excellent writer himself, approaches the subject of effective reading by looking at how authors write.

This book will help you read faster —perhaps. It surely will help you read more efficiently and with greater enjoyment. And this is where the art of reading lies.

I have been reading about macaroni, James Madison, Methodists, Micmacs, microfilm, and motion pictures. It just happened that I picked up volume 10 of the revised 1968 edition of *The American Educator Encyclopedia* (The United Educators, Inc., 14 volumes, $129.50). Volume 10 covers the letter *M*. The Micmacs, incidentally, are an Indian tribe.

Like any encyclopedia *The American Educator Encyclopedia* is a world atlas, a geography, a collection of biographies, a history book, and a basic resource on, and look into, every other region of man's knowledge. Because our world of knowledge is expanding so rapidly, the 61-year-old *American Educator* has to be brought up to date all the time, and in the last two years about 85 percent of its contents were revised.

Because it is used by young students and adults alike, its articles are of many different lengths and styles. In the longer articles, the basic, factual information is presented at the beginning for young people. Then the text goes on to broaden its coverage for adult use. Among the contributors who have written articles or supplied information are 72 Nobel Prize winners. Editor was **E. E. Sentman**.

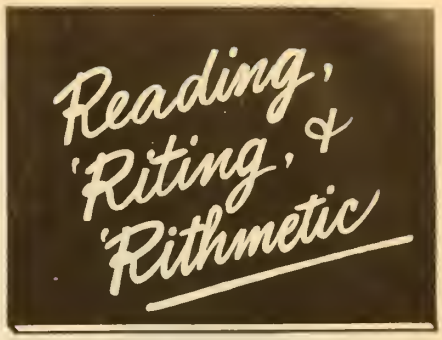
The American Educator receives rugged classroom use in a summer-session school conducted at publishing headquarters. This is the only testing school that is operated in conjunction with any American encyclopedia.

I thought I spotted an error in volume 10, but when I did some cross-checking, I discovered *The American Educator* was right and I was not. This usually is my experience with bank statements, too.

When I first started writing about books—several years ago now—I would review a new book enthusiastically and then discover several better ones on the subject coming out on its heels. Sometimes a crisis, or a news event, or a discovery, or an anniversary may be a very evident reason for the appearance of a whole spate of books on the same topic, but I still wonder why books on other subjects appear in bunches, too.

Today I have three books on flower arrangements for the church beside my typewriter. Each has its special strengths, and the three are very different in personality and approach.

Flowers and Symbols for the Christian Year (Hearthside Press, $6.95), which came out last fall, is a brisk, readable discussion of floral decorations for church and home. Author **Ruth E. Mullins** has filled it with a lot of factual information about Christian symbolism, the designing of flower arrangements, and the me-



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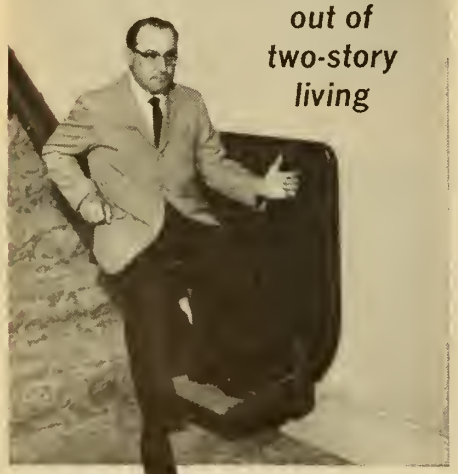

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chanics of making them. It is practical and helpful, but I got the feeling that Mrs. Mullins was a lot more familiar with flowers than she was with theology. In any case, her book lacks the taste and sensitivity to the demands of architecture and liturgical tradition that I found in ***Flowers for Your Church*** (Barrows, $6.95), by **Adelaide B. Wilson** and **Lois Wilson**.

Then, finally, there is ***Floral Art in the Church*** (Abingdon, $6.95), by **Jack Inman**, the best of the three because it keeps the horse before the cart and considers flower arranging as a liturgical art—an art form that is an aid to worship—rather than as something merely decorative. The text is tied to specific examples of arrangements that take you through the entire Christian year.

The first chapter of the Letter of James becomes as relevant as this morning's newspaper in a sensitive commentary by lay theologian **William Stringfellow**. ***Count It All Joy*** (Eerdmans, $3) deals compellingly with the knowledge of God, doubt, and temptation.

"Any man may be a Secular Saint without even being aware of it," says **Allan R. Brockway** in a book that seeks to define the contemporary Christian. "Any man may be a constituent of the Corporate Saint by participating in its program. Any man may acknowledge Christ as the operating mode of his life, his Lord."

Reinterpreting ancient Christian symbols for modern man, ***The Secular Saint*** (Doubleday, $4.95) is a stimulating book by a young United Methodist minister and editor whose theology spans traditional and current thinking on the nature of God and man.

Being happy comes naturally for a few lucky people, but most of us have to work at it. To help us along **Rabbi Samuel M. Silver** has written a book that can serve as a do-it-yourself kit toward happiness. ***How to Enjoy This Moment*** (Trident Press, $4.95) focuses on now, this minute, and spans all religions and philosophies.

Yes, there are platitudes in it. But platitudes often become platitudes because they voice a truth or an attitude that speaks to all of us. And Rabbi Silver expresses them with grace and good sense.

John Howard Griffin is best known for *Black Like Me*, the best-selling book about his experiences when he disguised himself as a Negro. He is, however, a writer of great versatility, an authority on the Gregorian chant, and a formidable professional photographer.

For many years he was blind, as a result of injuries received in World War II. Now he is a lecturer on aesthetics, race relations, and history, and each summer teaches at the University of Peace in Huy, Belgium.

The John Howard Griffin Reader (Houghton Mifflin, $8.50), selected and edited by **Bradford Daniel**, is a collection that includes four Griffin books in condensed form, many of his short stories and articles, and a selection of camera portraits he has made. Marked by a deeply religious view of life, and a passionate humanity, his is an extraordinary book.

The school was like a lot of slum schools—dirty, decaying, and overcrowded. But it was Jim's neighborhood school, and when he came home with a letter from the principal saying that his sixth-grade class was going to be transferred to another, still older slum school because of overcrowding, Jim's mother rebelled.

Robert Coles wrote ***Dead End School*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95) from the viewpoint of Jim, bewildered at the way the whole neighborhood got stirred up, cautiously happy when the children were bussed to a white school where each child had a desk and things were so good "it seared me." The universality of this actual experience is underscored by the illustrations. They are the work of that veteran interpreter of Americana, Norman Rockwell. The book is for all ages.

Boys and girls are learning to make remarkable things in many elementary art classes, and these youngsters probably will not find much that is new in ***Fun With Your Fingers*** (Morrow, $2.95). Those who are not lucky enough to have that kind of teaching, though, will find this stimulating book by **Harry Helfman** is full of ideas for wall hangings, greeting cards, mobiles, and other things that they can make with sticks, paper, string, yarn, and pieces of wood.

Many a reader cherishes the memory of the late **C. S. Forester** and the British seaman hero of his novels, Horatio Hornblower. Less well known is Horatio Heavyside Dragon, also created by the British novelist.

This second Horatio was a good-natured, industrious dragon discovered by a little boy called Poo-Poo. Published first in 1942, ***Poo-Poo and the Dragons*** (Little, Brown, $3.95) has been reissued for a new generation of children. It is a delightful nonsense story. —BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY
BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

SOME people seem to be born with a sense of news. Those who have this gift can write a best seller. Of course, a good writer can take most anything and make it exciting and important, but I am speaking of those novelists who have a nose for contemporary events crying out for dramatic treatment. Such a book is **AIRPORT** by **Arthur Hailey** (***Doubleday*, $5.95**). Some will remember him as author of *Hotel*, a very intriguing story. *Airport*, however, will probably appeal to even more people for it is certainly a subject with almost unlimited possibilities.

Hailey is talking about Lincoln International Airport, which calls itself "Aviation Crossroads of the World" and is probably O'Hare International Airport in Chicago. The time span is only from late afternoon one day until early morning the next, but a great deal happens. The airport, you see, is trying to keep operating in the midst of a hard storm. Airports in nearby areas are closed so it is very important that Lincoln keep open, if at all possible. One runway is unusable because a big Mexican jet has run off the concrete and is stalled in the mud.

Hailey does here what he has done before, namely, he keeps alive several interrelated plots, each separate in itself. This takes skill lest the subplots get too important. But he handles the whole thing as cleverly as a puppeteer.

The hero, or at least the central character, is Mel Bakersfeld, general manager of the airport, who has to make serious decisions while worrying about his wife who is probably going to divorce him. At the same time he is very interested in Tanya Livingston, an attractive divorcée and passenger-relations agent for TWA.

There is Joe Patroni, a maintenance chief, trying to get back to the airport and do something about that stalled jet on the runway. He finds himself caught in a traffic jam and has to straighten it out before he can get to the job. There is Captain Vernon Demarest, arrogant airline captain, getting ready to fly to Rome—his problem is an affair with a stewardess on his plane who has just informed him that she is pregnant. This is enough to show you the general mixup and, believe me, there is more of this same thing.

The novel tells a great deal about airports which I, at least, did not know. This will be one of its most valuable contributions to many a reader although sometimes it told me more than I really was interested in knowing. It discusses the airline's problem with stewardesses, their affairs with officers and their kindness in helping with abortions. (If this is not true, I think the airlines ought to sue.) There are some dramatic moments in the air-control center where Mel Bakersfeld's brother, Keith, is having emotional troubles because of an air crash for which he was at least partly responsible.

I must say it does not increase one's confidence when he reads about narrow escapes that are only missed because of fast thinking on the part of an employee. One has the feeling that going into a big airport, especially during a storm, is on about the same level as playing Russian roulette. As if all this is not enough, there is a fellow who gets on a plane with a bomb, bent on blowing it up.

Surely one day we will see *Airport* on the silver screen in Technicolor, and if it is handled rightly, it will be a thriller packed with action.

We take a change of pace rather abruptly and speak of **BLESSED McGILL** by **Edwin Shrake** (***Doubleday*, $4.50**). The author's name is familiar to me as a writer about football in *Sports Illustrated*. In my book, some of the best writing done anywhere is found in that magazine, and Edwin Shrake is one author I read with great pleasure. Incidentally, have you ever noticed how often skilled sports writers are the fellows who become political commentators and novelists?

This story about the American Southwest is full of Indians, outlaws, buffalo hunters, and Catholic missionaries. Who could ask for more? Peter Hermano McGill is a son of a Spanish mother and a Texas ranger who was never much count. He is a quiet, adequate scout who has the respect of Indians and frontiersmen alike.

During the Civil War, McGill is in Texas and witnesses the lynching of an Indian boy's stepfather and the mutilation of the boy himself. This is the boy who becomes the outlaw, Octavio, and his life is entertwined with McGill's. Octavio's friendship finally turns into hatred and destroys him. There is a very nice incident where McGill goes east to find a girl he wants to marry and bring her back.

But why, you may ask, is he called "Blessed"? Well, at the end of the story he comes to know two Catholic priests. They are devoted men of opposite temperaments, but he sees the worth of each one. McGill, a Catholic, has been rough and hardly of the quality we would call blessed. Yet, in the end, he goes off to meet Octavio, knowing that it will be his death. Because of this sacrifice and courage, he becomes a saint or holy man and a healer. Certainly no one would have been more surprised than McGill himself that this happened.

The story has a sense of reality so it seems historical rather than fiction. Novelists who can do this have to be skillful, and my guess is that this will not be the last book we shall have from Edwin Shrake. I hope not. He is the kind of writer who can give us a great football novel, and I gladly pass this word along to him without charge. Indeed, I like everything he writes.

Finally, let me mention **PRIZE STORIES, 1968**, the O. Henry Awards (***Doubleday*, $5.95**). William Abrahams is the editor and the first three prize winners are *The Demonstrators* by Eudora Welty, *The New Nobility* by E. M. Broner, and *My Redeemer Cometh* by Shlomo Katz. This is one of the best collections I have seen in a long time.

I have said that the best model for a preacher to use in constructing sermons is a play. While I still believe that is true, I think also that preachers should read short stories. The quality of swift pace and saying things in a few words is a very important one for sermon makers. When well done, a sermon lingers in the mind. Preachers use too many words to say too little. Perhaps our redemption lies in more writers who have O. Henry's gift. □

The Cuckoo's Nest

By LESLIE CARVER

"Where is the pig brother?" asked Aunt Anne, taking one look inside Cooky's messy room.

COOKY WAS a very untidy little girl. Her books were never on her bookshelves. Her toys were always scattered across the floor. Even her pretty dresses were usually flung on top of her bed.

"Your room looks like a cuckoo's nest," giggled her sister, Betty. "I'm really glad that I have a room of my own."

"So am I," agreed Cooky as she pushed her doll dishes to the floor so she would have a clean chair to sit on.

"Pick up your toys, Cooky. Hang up your dresses," Mother scolded.

"All right," said Cooky. But she never did.

Mother and Betty cleaned Cooky's room every Saturday. Sometimes they threw away things which Cooky wanted to keep, but she still didn't clean her room.

She would start to. Sometimes she

would get three dresses hung up or a few books back on the shelf before one of her friends would call to play. Cooky was glad for any excuse to stop.

During lunch one day, Aunt Anne called from the airport. Mother talked for a while then turned to the children and said, "Aunt Anne wants to spend the night with us."

"Goody!" said Cooky. "She can sleep in my room!"

"In the cuckoo's nest? Poor Aunt Anne!" laughed Betty. Cooky looked quite sad.

"A good idea, Cooky," said Mother. "I'm sure you'll have your room picked up by the time we get back from the airport."

"I'll clean it right away," promised Cooky.

"You'd better," called Mother as she hurried out to the car, "Aunt Anne wouldn't enjoy staying in a messy room!"

When Mother and Betty had gone, Cooky turned on the television and became so interested it seemed like no time before she heard the car turning back into the driveway.

Cooky rushed outside to greet Aunt Anne with a special kiss. When they came inside, Aunt Anne brought out gifts for the girls and then, looking a little tired from her trip, said, "I think I'll put my suitcase in my room if I may."

"You're going to sleep in *my* room!" said Cooky.

"What fun!" said Aunt Anne. "Lead the way."

Suddenly Cooky remembered what she had forgotten to do. She walked very slowly up the stairs to her room with Aunt Anne following close behind.

"Where is the pig brother?" asked Aunt Anne taking one look inside Cooky's messy room.

"Pig brother?" repeated Cooky in a small voice.

"There must be a pig brother," declared Aunt Anne thumping her suitcase down beside a lop-eared rabbit, "because this room looks rather like a pigpen!"

"Welcome to the cuckoo's nest," called Betty from out in the hallway.

"Nonsense," snapped Aunt Anne. "All Cooky needs is a brisk reminder. Forward! March! Toys in the toy box, dresses in the closet." She picked up a toy drum and began to beat it. Boom! Boom! Cooky laughed as she picked up things in time to the beating.

This was fun, and soon the room was neater than it had ever been before.

Aunt Anne gave a final thump to the drum.

"It looks splendid now, Cooky doll. Let's hope it stays this way."

"Oh, it will," said Cooky really meaning it this time. "It will be so much easier when I think of the drum beat."

Aunt Anne laughed and bent down to put the drum back inside the toy box where it belonged. □

The Boy in the Mirror

(Use a mirror to help you read this.)

The boy in the mirror said to me,
"Remember to brush your teeth."
"I will if you will," I replied.
"Then let's begin," said he.

We brushed our teeth, and then he said,
"Did you wash your ears and neck?"
"I did," said i. "And you did, too!"
He said, "Just thought I'd check."

After we'd washed, we combed our hair
And I had to laugh at the sight.
I'd parted my hair on the left, as I should,
But he'd parted his on the right!

"The only way to solve this riddle,"
He said, "is to part our hair in the middle!"

—Ann Stacey

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Letters

Conference Coverage: Superb

HERMANN W. KAEBNICK, *Bishop Eastern Area, United Methodist Church*
Harrisburg, Pa.

I write to express my profound and sincere gratitude for the superb report of the Uniting Conference which appeared in the July issue of TOGETHER. [See *A Union . . . And Much More*, page 5.] I want your staff to know that I am inexpressibly grateful for the careful, meticulous, and yet interest-maintaining wrap-up you have given us. This is reporting on a high level.

Valuable Space Wasted

L. H. RUSSELL
Clermont, Fla.

Why do you waste space in your valuable magazine with such rubbish as used on pages 33 to 40 [*Reflections on Becoming a Woman*] in the July issue?

In 13 Words—A Recognition

MRS. J. E. GRIER
Cincinnati, Ohio

As usual, on finding TOGETHER in the mailbox, I paused to skim through the July issue—stopped on page 32, and read *The American Woman—1968*. I went on, through the photographs of *Reflections on Becoming a Woman*, then made myself stop. I want time to read *One Being, Many Faces* [page 41] carefully. Just now, though, I want to say that on page 36, in 13 words, Helen Johnson has expressed *me* better than I could have done myself:

"Dull-brown daily chores. Dancing gleams of love, lightning flashes of meaning. Shadows." Thank you.

Jesus Not a Martyr

MRS. HELEN SHEPHERD
Leland, Miss.

In your June Viewpoint, *Prophet Without Honor* [page 15], you list Jesus, the divine Son of God, as a martyr of history along with Socrates, John Huss, Lincoln, and Gandhi.

This is shocking! Jesus was not a martyr. He said about his life: "No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of my own accord. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again; this charge I have received from my Father."

You ask in closing, "Is it impossible to move men, even men of goodwill, with reason and love?" My answer would be "No, not unless they have first been moved by the Holy Spirit to let Jesus have possession of their lives." This is the only answer!

Many Do Not Agree

MABEL A. THOMPSON
Ville Platte, La.

Our church, Bayou Chicot United Methodist Church, has been giving TOGETHER to all its members for quite some time now. We all have thought it a good paper until the last few years when we have seen a change in attitude on many questions which we down here in the South do not agree with.

Your June editorial concerning Martin Luther King, Jr., was one, for instance. You painted him as a saint, which he certainly was not, but rather the biggest instigator of violence of any man in our time. He preached nonviolence—and everywhere he went he caused violence. Did you ever notice how he always had business somewhere else as soon as he got the Negroes and a lot of foolish white people all stirred up for a full-fledged riot?

"Just a simple 'Yes' or 'No,' if you please, sir."

None of us here in the South wanted him killed as we knew that would make him a martyr. We believe him to be one of the Communists' greatest agents, one who has done more harm to our country, even to his own race, than any other man.

I am a United Methodist, but I do not go along with the ideas of some of our bishops, ministers, and other dignitaries. I believe in human rights, but I believe each person should earn his rights by being a first-class citizen first of all.

Appreciation for 'Prophet'

MRS. NINA HARD CROSBY
Pasadena, Calif.

I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation for your article *Prophet Without Honor*, in particular, and also for other June features: *What the Negro Wants; More Violence This Summer?* and *Methodist Tributes to Dr. King*.

I might be excused by some if I expressed dislike, even hatred, and opposition to anything in favor of the black race because of the fact that my only brother was shot to death by a Negro when doing his duty as a deputy sheriff in Florida years ago. I am glad to say that I have never had any such feelings, thank God. I accept all Negroes as I do any other race.

I am also glad and thankful for the acceptance of Dr. Oral Roberts into The United Methodist Church. [See *Evangelist Oral Roberts/Turns Methodist*, June, page 9.] I read his magazine and devotional booklets with pleasure.

Now 87, I was once a Methodist deaconess and later, with my husband, was active in musical evangelism for many years.

June Issue: Finest Effort

H. JAMES ABDELLA
Jamestown, N.Y.

This letter is merely to ask that you recognize that thousands of United Methodists like myself are monthly inspired by your wonderful magazine but have never taken time to write to commend you rather than to criticize. The June issue, for example, was in my opinion one of your finest efforts.

No More Unfinished Stories!

MRS. ROBERT BISHOP
Silver Spring, Md.

Living near Washington, D.C., and the site of Resurrection City of the Poor People's Campaign, I read the Mark Sadler family's story in the July issue with added concern. [See *A Ghetto Family: Victims of Violence*, page 18.]

Are there no churches in the Chicago area concerned enough to assist families like this? Nowhere in the article are

there any references to a determined effort on the part of the church to help solve the problems of these people who were caught up in the riots.

I hoped as I read that there would be a happy ending, but it is always the same in articles like this—the plight of the ghetto resident is given but never any suggested cures for the conditions that beset him. The residents of Chicago's Gold Coast and its verdant and rich suburbs should be concerned that these conditions continue unabated.

It is time we put a little concern and love in our quest for the answers to the cities' problems. Those of us who have so much in comparison must help find the way. Where we are not sure, the church must help us.

Let's not have any more unfinished stories in TOGETHER!

In Churches Rush Relief/In Riots Aftermath [*June, page 9*], *we reported how churches in Chicago and other cities responded to the April riot victims' plight with tons of food and clothing. The Sadler family received some such help. As Reader Bishop suggests, emergency aid offers no lasting solution to ghetto problems.*—EDS.

Truth Should Rate Higher

WILLIAM R. RAGSDALE
Minister of Education, First United Methodist Church
Hickory, N.C.

The article *More Violence This Summer?* in the June issue [page 5] is informative and timely. The interview with John P. Adams of the Board of Christian Social Concerns highlights important aspects of this concern.

I was interested in Mr. Adams' comment on "law and order" as an expression of white backlash. Certainly this is true in many cases and raises this question: Is not truth of more value and to be rated above law and order? Many persons calling for law and order have stressed this above dealing with the ills of ghetto and slum living conditions. That would mean a realistic facing of the truth.

Together: A Needed 'Thorn'

CHARLES H. LIPPY, *Minister With Youth*
Christ Church, United Methodist
New York, N.Y.

Two articles in your June issue, *The Small-Arms Race* [page 28] and *What the Negro Wants* [page 41], did a splendid job of confronting United Methodist churchmen with two of the most critical areas of concern for the present generation. I shudder each time I ponder the madness of the armaments race and each time I reflect on the sheer inability of the white man to compre-

yes we can revitalize the church

Church renewal will take place when we as churchmen find ourselves on our knees doing some honest reappraisal and searching for the right spirit within us.

In some places where the church has lost its power — and admitted it — renewal is taking place. How? The churchman and the church are developing a right spirit within, and again loving the unlovely. Any church will become revitalized to the degree that it and its members reveal the nature of Christ to all men.

It's Up To Us

The church is but a gathering of His followers — individuals. Whether it is a congregation, conference or the entire church, this reformation must begin with the efforts of the individual . . . the individual moving into the dirty, unlovely and discouraging areas of life and bringing to this depravity hope, concern and love.

But what can *I* do?

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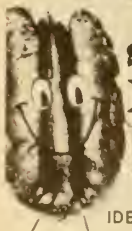

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hend the aspirations of our black brothers.

When will we see the folly of our ways? When will we turn to love and understanding as the base of human security and dignity? I hope we will move from unbridled passion to sensitive and sensible reason before we have annihilated ourselves, our civilization, and our church.

Thank you for your informative and challenging articles. Perhaps if TOGETHER continues to be a thorn in United Methodism's flesh, we might witness the mighty renewal of church and society for which many of us yearn.

Church Destroys Nation's Unity

MRS. W. L. BRESLIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I can take criticism about my church, my country, and myself. We may not like it, but at times it has to be done—to a point.

I will defend God whenever anybody speaks against him or my church. But now I have to tell others about my country. It is not perfect, just like myself. Neither is the church.

We say we want prayer in the schools, but do we say the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag during church services? We should have prayer in the school just as we pledge to our flag.

We speak of unity in the church, but I feel that the church is tearing down the unity ("one nation, under God") in our country, especially after reading TOGETHER month after month, and reading in newspapers about church leaders taking part in burning of draft cards, pouring blood on government records, and showing how to avoid the draft.

The church wants me to help in many projects, and with some of them I do not agree. But I still give my support financially, physically, and prayerfully. I feel it is time that the churches show their support, even though they, too, do not always agree, by respecting and taking pride in our country.

Viet Nam Course Is Right

JOHN W. ALLEN
USS Essex
Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.

In his letter in your June issue [*Viet Nam: No Way to Peace*, page 68], Richard T. Darville doesn't think the war in Viet Nam is worth what we are putting into it. During my tour of duty, I spent about two years in Norfolk, Va., and often visited the naval hospital there. I talked to some of the people waiting until they were well enough to be discharged. Most of them were glad to be home, but I found that most of them thought what we are doing in Viet Nam is right. I have not been to Viet Nam, but I, too, feel that what we are doing is right.

Mr. Darville says that no war in a tiny country on the other side of the earth has the virtue of relationship to our national security. I think that it does. I believe the world should be at peace and that there shouldn't be any war. But sometimes we do have to fight in order to bring others closer to what we all want so much.

I imagine that a good many of the people we support in Viet Nam are cor-

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rupt. But these people have lived so long under the rule of others that it will take time to change. I feel it is our duty as a nation to help another nation, no matter how small, to gain a life that is worth what ours is.

Old Friends Heard From

CARROL C. COOLIDGE
Upper Jay, N.Y.

Ever since I received the April issue of TOGETHER, I have been intending to write my thanks for your using the picture of our church doors on your cover. I appreciate the honor very much, and because of it I have had some very interesting letters and heard from old friends I hadn't heard from in years. William C. Coughlin is to be congratulated for taking a very good picture.

As we explained in April's After-Hour Jottings *[page 3], the beautiful carving on the doors of Whiteface United Methodist Church, Wilmington, N.Y., is the work of Reader Coolidge, who also is the congregation's lay leader.*—EDS.

Few Funds Go Begging

RALPH W. DECKER, *Director*
Department of Educational Institutions
United Methodist Board of Education
Nashville, Tenn.

Martha Lane's article *Educate Now—Pay Later* [June, page 55] is excellent. It is a real service to young people who are fearful that they cannot afford college.

However, the writer of the subhead above the story fell into an unfortunate trap. I doubt seriously that he could give reasonable support to the statement, "Every year hundreds of loans and scholarships go begging . . ." This, in my judgment, is popular mythology. There are scholarships, most of them with very special limitations, that are not used. However, the loans and scholarships Miss Lane listed in her article are not likely to be in the unused class.

We constantly fight a long-standing rumor that our United Methodist financial aid programs have more money than we can use and that the Student Day offering really is not needed. The truth is that none of our loans or scholarships goes begging. Twice within the past five years we have had to lower the number of scholarships assigned to each of our Methodist-related colleges because we were using up all of our reserves.

Likewise, during the past two years, the Board of Education has had to place a ceiling of 1 million dollars per year on loans to students for the same reason. At the present time our colleges are asking us to assign more scholarships to them, and we have to be extremely rigid in granting loans in order to keep

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Recognition Well Deserved

JOHN C. FOLTZ, *Co-ordinator*
Future Farmers of America Foundation
Washington, D.C.

I have received the June issue of TOGETHER and am delighted to see the excellent feature you ran on Greg Bamford, Future Farmers of America national president, in *Unusual Methodists* [page 27]. This is a fine tribute that in Greg's case is well deserved. Thank you for providing this coverage of a young man who is a good example for youth.

Not His Kind of Thinking

FRANCIS PERFECT
Adams-Perfect Funeral Home
Pleasantville, N.J.

After reading and rereading Thelma L. Beach's poem *My Mother's Death* [July, page 56], I cannot understand her motive regarding this humiliating way of reflecting upon the funeral service or the burial of our loved ones. We long ago divorced ourselves from Mrs. Beach's kind of thinking. Perhaps she needs to pray for additional understanding.

Valued Service Provided

ROBERT BONAR
Raiguel Funeral Home
Harrisville, W.Va.

Funeral directors in the last couple of generations have strived for and are reaching professionalism. The reason for our success is that we provide a valued and needed service which the public is willing to support.

In your July issue a poem, *My Mother's Death,* is an example of confusion and inability to accept death. It is unfortunate that some people react to death by striking out at someone or something.

Our profession seeks to ease the pain of death by trying to restore a lifelike appearance. It preserves the body a few days while the family is getting adjusted to the fact of death. A funeral home is designed for comfort, providing a place where family and friends may meet and through visitation may vent off grief. Flowers are an expression of sympathy and concern appreciated by families as displays of friendship. Finally and most important, it is the funeral profession that links the clergy with the family in a service where the clergy may help the family to realize that death is not final but that this is really the beginning. The minister is presented with the opportunity to give words of faith and hope.

Everything connected with the funeral service is designed to bring about a realization of the fact of death and to accept it with hope and faith as the beginning and not the end.

I truly feel sorry for the author of *My Mother's Death,* for I am sure both the funeral profession and the clergy have failed her. We have failed to help her mature and have a healthy attitude toward death.

Poems Bring Joy

MRS. LEWIS H. DICE
Denver, Ind.

Please convey to Jane Merchant my thanks for the delightful poems on the *Small Fry* pages of your June issue [*Thoughts to Think on a Summer Day,* page 66].

Her bedridden body may be shut in but her great spirit travels abroad to point out the beauties and fascination of the world about us to which we are so prone to be blind. I hope she realizes the joy she give her readers.

PHOTO INVITATIONAL DATA

Reader-photographers seeking technical details of the pictures published in our 12th Photo Invitational *Youth in Action* [pages 31-38] will find in the credits below the photographer's name plus camera, film, and exposure information.

Page 31 L.—Joe Hoener, Great Bend, Kans.: Mamiyaflex C-33; Ektachrome X; 1/500th at 1/16.

31 Cen.—Jack Drake, South Bend, Ind.: Minolta SLR; High Speed Ektachrome; 1/15th at f/6.3.

31 R.—Allan B. Partridge, Durham, N.H.: Kodak Signet 30; Kodachrome X; 1/250th at f/8.

32 Top—The Rev. John D. Clinton, Des Moines, Iowa: Contaflex; Ektachrome X; 1/200th at f/6.3.

32 Bot.—C. Otto Rasmussen, Washington, D.C.: Nikkormat FT; Ektachrome X; 1/15th at f 16.

33 Top—F. H. Burris, Lompoc, Calif.: Beseler Topcon; Ektachrome X; 1/60th at f/4.

33 Bot.—Jack Drake, South Bend, Ind.: Minolta SLR; High Speed Ektachrome; 1 second at f/2.8.

34 Top—Lorraine Gover, Lutherville, Md.: Brownie Auto 27; Ektachrome X; "Electric Eye."

34 Bot.—Brian A. McGuire, Brevard, N.C.: Sears SL-9; Kodachrome II; 1/125th at f/8.

35 Top—Mrs. Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.: Miranda; Dynachrome; 1/60th at f/11.

35 Bot.—Min Sapir, New York, N.Y.: Pentax; Kodachrome X; 1/60th at f/5.6.

36 Top—Rohn Engh, Star Prairie, Wis.: Mamiyaflex C-3; Ektachrome X; 1/60th at f/8.

36 Bot.—Min Sapir, New York, N.Y.: Pentax, Kodachrome X; 1/60th at f/6.3.

37 L.—The Rev. William H. Jones, Ottawa, Ont.: Nikon F; Dynachrome; 1/125th at f/16.

37 R.—Marsha Lane Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.: Mamiya/Sekor 500 TL; Kodachrome II; 1/60th at f/4.

38 Top—Stuart Pettygrove, Berkeley, Calif.: Voigtlander Vitrona; Kodachrome X; 1/125th at f 11.

38 Bot.—Rohn Engh, Star Prairie, Wis.: Mamiyaflex C-3; Ektachrome X; 1/60th at f/6.3.

The artistry of Brother Eric has been influenced deeply by his study of art in Italy, his world travels, and his life in a Protestant monastery.

New Forms Of An Ancient Art

BROTHER ERIC, the artist whose work is shown here, is a member of the Protestant Taizé Community near Lyon, France [see page 49]. His mediums of expression—stained glass, icons, etchings, paintings—have been known for centuries. Yet, when practiced by Brother Eric, they are thoroughly contemporary.

His works exude a feeling of spontaneous joy, perhaps reflecting the spirit of the entire community of brothers as much as his own faith. A notable example is a series of seven windows in Taizé's modern church, portraying events of Christ's life. Brother Eric bought the glass in France from St. Gobain, one of the three or four companies in Europe that still produce stained glass. Each piece of the hand-blown, masterfully shaded glass was carefully selected by the artist for color and the amount of light it would let in. The pieces were cut to size using a diamond cutting edge, then joined together by soldered lead and cemented to make them firm and watertight.

"It's wonderful that we have Brother Eric," one of the Taizé brothers confided. "His gift—creative expression with hands and heart—enriches all of us. His biblical interpretations always give us new insights." —MARTHA LANE

These windows by Brother Eric, in Taizé's modern Church of the Reconciliation, represent important events in the church year (left to right): Easter, the Transfiguration, and Pentecost. Like all his works, his stained-glass windows are highly stylized, figurative, and rich in imagery.

The spiral shells of the channeled whelk are found along Atlantic shores from Massachusetts to Florida.

Neptune's Treasures

SEASHELLS BELONG in fairyland, in a dream world of translucent waters, coral reefs, and mermaids. What land-bound child can forget placing a keepsake shell to his ear and listening to the distant roar of a sea he has never seen?

Seashells are real, of course, yet they defy description. The scientist can only note that the spiral of the lustrous chambered nautilus, for example, "reflects a flawless logarithmic curve, where the width of the whorl increases at a fixed ratio to its length." Could such things happen by blind chance in the great design of the universe?

The tiny, soft-bodied creatures that create these geometric and artistic masterpieces follow blueprints and patterns evolved over millions of years—but in seemingly endless variety. It is this which long has fascinated photographer Lynwood M. Chace of New Bedford, Mass., who took these pictures.

Little wonder, too, that primitive people everywhere used the rainbow-hued beauty of seashells as money, or as evidence of wealth, and that collectors today may pay hundreds of dollars for an exceptionally rare, well-preserved specimen. —H. B. TEETER

Once a living creature inhabited this fossil shell dug from a rocky cliffside at Amherst, Mass., a hundred miles from the seashore. Much of our land has been under the sea many times, geologists say.

This beautiful specimen —an episcopal mitre—was found in the Pacific Ocean. The more than 60,000 species of shell-bearers now classified far outnumber all species of fish in the sea.

Unattractive lodger that he is, the lowly hermit crab must be credited with good taste as he moves from one vacant dwelling to another.

You are never alone, even under the sea. Here a company of tenacious barnacles have attached themselves to a mussel shell.

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far selling only 100 boxes of our new Frosted Fantasy Christmas Card assortment. You make $1.00 for selling 1 box, $2.00 for 2 boxes, $10.00 for 10 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards. Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below—mail it today —and free samples of personalized Christmas Cards and stationery —plus other leading boxes will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.

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